The Outlook

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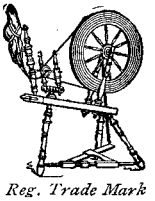

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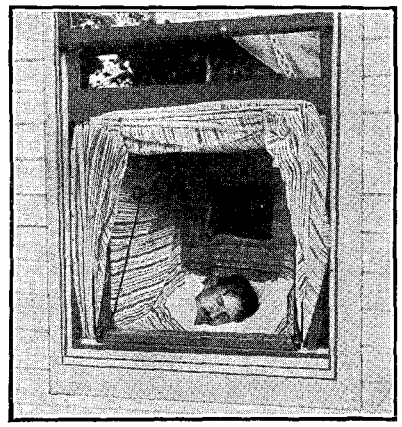

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The Outlook

21 NOVEMBER, 1908

PUBLISHED BY THE OUTLOOK COMPANY, 287 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK. CHICAGO OFFICE, MARQUETTE BLDG.
LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT, PRESIDENT. WILLIAM B. HOWLAND, TREASURER. KARL V. S. HOWLAND, SECRETARY
LYMAN ABBOTT, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF. H. W. MABIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR. R. D. TOWNSEND, MANAGING EDITOR

THE PRESIDENT MR. STILLMAN AND THE OUTLOOK

The false report put in circulation by some of the President's enemies that in his association with The Outlook he had connected himself with a journal controlled by the Standard Oil Company has elicited from him the following statement:

The President has not the slightest concern with the question as to who are the stockholders of The Outlook. His concern is with the general policy of the paper, which is and has been consistently admirable in every respect. The President will be responsible only for what he himself writes; and his probable future attitude must be judged by his action in the past.

Whether Mr. James Stillman is connected with the Standard Oil Company we do not know. The facts concerning his connection with The Outlook are as follows: About forty years ago Lyman Abbott became associated with Henry Ward Beecher in the editorship of The Christian Union. When, some eight or ten years later, Mr. Beecher's inclinations led him to retire, an endeavor was made by Dr. Abbott to purchase the paper. Among those who aided him financially in this effort were Mr. Lawson Valentine and Mr. James Stillman, both of whom were neighbors and warm personal friends. They believed in him and in his plan of making a journal of National influence. They not only aided him in buying the paper which is now The Outlook, but also in the struggles that were necessary to put the paper on its feet. Mr. Valentine, who has since died, was much more largely interested than Mr. Stillman; but neither of them ever sought to exercise the slightest control over the editorial policy, which for thirty years has been and still is absolutely determined and controlled by Dr. Abbott. Mr. Stillman has never, it so happens, even attended a stockholders' meeting, either in person or by proxy. He owns less than ten per cent of the stock of The Outlook; the other ninety per cent being owned by those who are actively engaged in editing and publishing the paper. When Mr. Stillman put the money which is now represented by his stock at Dr. Abbott's service, he simply performed a generous act for a personal friend, for which Dr. Abbott takes this, the first public occasion that has ever offered, to express his grateful and appreciative acknowledgment. Apart from this contribution to its financial needs in the beginning, Mr. Stillman's only act of participation in the management of the paper was his cordial co-operation with the other stockholders by a surrender of a part of his stock to make it possible for some of the active workers in the office to become stockholders. If the act of unprincipled rumor-venders has given either Mr. Stillman or the President any annoyance, The Outlook sincerely regrets the fact. That it enables The Outlook to express a sense of indebtedness to two men—Lawson Valentine and James Stillman—who made the creation of The Outlook possible, but who have never been known to the public in connection with it, is a matter of genuine satisfaction.

EMPEROR AND PARLIAMENT

The excitement in Germany over the Emperor's interview with an Englishman reported in The Outlook last week has steadily increased; and the feeling that the Emperor has been extremely indiscreet is shared by all classes. Two days of debate in the Reichstag last week developed great differences in candor, but none in the conviction that the Emperor had made a grave mistake. Chancellor von Bülow, who had taken upon himself the responsibility for the publication of the interview in its present

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form, and had offered his resignation, which the Emperor had refused to accept, made a brief and carefully prepared statement in which he said in substance that the details of the interview were not correct; that the Emperor did not prepare a detailed plan of campaign to end the Boer War, but wrote out "some academic ideas concerning the conduct of the war in general;" he added that Germany had given timely warning to the Boers that they would be alone against England; that the statement attributed to the Emperor that the majority of the German people are hostile to Great Britain is too strong; that while serious misunderstandings have existed between the two countries, the German people desire peace and friendly relations with the British Empire; that too great stress has been laid upon the part of the interview dealing with the German interests in the Pacific Ocean, and especially with the attitude of Germany towards Japan. The Chancellor affirmed that Germany has never thought about East Asia except for the purpose of obtaining its share of the trade; that for twenty years the Emperor has striven to improve the relations with Great Britain. The most significant part of the Chancellor's statements was contained in the words, "Misunderstanding of his utterances with reference to Great Britain, and the regret aroused thereby in Germany, will, I am convinced, lead the Emperor, in future private conversations, to exercise the reserve which, in the interest of a uniform policy and the authority of the crown, is indispensable. If this proves not to be so, neither I nor any one of my successors could take the responsibility."

THE REICHSTAG DEBATE

This explanation was heard in silence, and was received as the nearest possible approach to an apology which could be made under the circumstances. The debate that followed was eagerly listened to by a crowded Chamber. Herr Bassermann, speaking for the National Liberals, said that what the party wanted was not the resignation of the Chancellor, but the elimination of the personal element from the conduct of foreign affairs and the observance of the provisions of the constitution relating to the interference of the Emperor therein without the cooperation of the Chancellor. He emphasized the possible effect on opinion in China and Japan of the remarks of the Emperor that a fleet has been organized for action in the Pacific, a declaration which had already created an uproar in the Japanese press and stirred Great Britain to greater naval preparations. The entire German people, he said, were of one mind concerning the erroneous effects of direct Imperial interference in the foreign affairs of the Empire, and loyal monarchists regretted that damage had been done to the monarchical principle at a time when a strong republican party had grown up. In his opinion the Emperor was badly informed when he declared that the German people were hostile to Great Britain. One of the foremost representatives of the monarchists created great surprise by the declaration that the monarchists, with heavy hearts, protested formally against the Emperor's statements. They do not believe that the Chancellor can take the responsibility, or that the future will bring any real improvement. The improvement will last only until the next time. Herr Singer, Socialist, said that the incapacity and levity of persons in responsible places had lowered the prestige of Germany, and he added a statement which was probably the most outspoken made in the Reichstag during the present reign: that under the constitutional system of Germany the King was the first servant of the State, and that if another servant of the State had done such a thing as the Emperor had done he would be brought before the Imperial Court for trial. Members of the Conservative sections, who are strong supporters of the monarchy, while they urged moderation of statement, agreed in the general purpose to eliminate the personal element from foreign politics and policies of the Empire. On the second day of the debate a motion to send an address to the Emperor calling attention to the danger of personal intervention in foreign politics was, after prolonged discussion, re-

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jected, the Chancellor sitting silent during a heavy fire directed not only at the Emperor but at himself. Baron Gamp, a Conservative, declared that it was tragic that a sovereign with so many admirable qualities should find himself in such a plight; and added that since the death of Bismarck the Emperor had had no advisers who had been able to tell him plainly his constitutional duties and to inform him with regard to the actual state of things in the Empire. During the entire debate the Emperor was fox-hunting in the country and maintained complete silence. His companion was Prince von Fürstenberg, one of his most intimate friends, who is also believed to be one of the few men who can speak plainly to him, and who, although a Prince, is in sympathy with modern views.

POSSIBLE RESULTS

This debate is very important as bringing out, first, that the leaders of public opinion in Germany and the directors of political action are anxious not to be regarded as unfriendly to Great Britain or as having aggressive designs with regard to the Far East; and, secondly, that it may be the first step towards securing a Ministry responsible to the Reichstag rather than to the Emperor. That this could be done without revolutionary action, if substantial unity of opinion in the Reichstag can be secured, is pointed out by Dr. Theodor Barth, for many years the leader of the advanced wing of the Radical party in the Reichstag, and one of the foremost political thinkers in Germany:

> The debates in the Reichstag directed against the personal government of the Emperor will have the effect only of a sham fight with parliamentary blank cartridges, until it is understood that in Prussia and Germany personal government does not depend upon the temperament and character of the present Emperor, but represents the deep-rooted and old Prussian governmental system which Bismarck transferred to the German Empire. Personal government can be abolished only by a determined advance toward a system of parliamentary government similar to that existing in England, France, Italy, and other countries. No change in the constitution or any act introducing Ministerial responsibility is necessary for the attainment of this end.
>
> The system of parliamentary government in England was brought about without the alteration of a single paragraph of the law. The King of England even to-day is empowered to act as is Emperor William in the filling of Ministerial posts, but the British Parliament, owing to its control of the budget, could make the carrying out of his duties impossible for any Minister who enjoyed only the confidence of the sovereign and not that of the House of Commons.
>
> The German Reichstag, constitutionally, is in a similar position. It needs only to resolve, and national public opinion must compel it to resolve. on such a proceeding.
>
> The rule of democratic liberalism is to take the lead in this constitutional battle, and it is the duty of the more moderate Liberals to collaborate; but so long as the members of that party are bound by the chains of the "bloc" they cannot fulfill their duty. At present they have joined the Conservatives, who combat every sincere effort toward constitutionalism. This the Conservatives do because, owing to their relations to the Crown, they do better business under the personal system.

THE FAILURE OF AN INTERESTING EXPERIMENT

The Outlook frankly expresses its disappointment at the failure of Mayor Tom L. Johnson's plan for the administration of the street railway system of Cleveland, Ohio. Some of our readers in Cleveland who have for more than a year been prophesying the failure may now very naturally be entertaining towards The Outlook the feeling of "I-told-you-so." Mayor Johnson's endeavor had at least the merit of great originality. If it had succeeded, the country at large would have had an instructive object-lesson in public spirit. Perhaps it was too much to expect that the time had arrived when street railways or any other municipal public utility could be administered as a public service institution, like a savings bank. We do not abandon faith in the idea, although its practical application in Cleveland has lamentably failed. The Cleveland street railways are now in the hands of receivers appointed by Judge Tayler, of the Federal Court, on application of creditors in other States, and it is somewhat doubtful if the Municipal Traction Company, which was organized by Mayor Johnson as a holding company

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to operate the street railways for the benefit of all the citizens, can ever be put upon its feet again. In spite of this failure we think that the citizens of Cleveland, as well as of the entire country, have learned something to their advantage regarding the relation of municipal transportation to municipal government. Mayor Johnson and his associates deserve full credit for their campaign of education. We regret to have to add that the practice of Mayor Johnson as a street railway reformer was not in every particular up to the standard of his theories. Our attention has only recently been called to a feature of the Municipal Traction Company which seems to us to have been thoroughly bad and to have had something to do with that opposition of high-minded and conservative citizens of Cleveland which really led to Mayor Johnson's failure. The Municipal Traction Company publicly advertised what it called its "Stock Exchange Department." Through this so-called "stock exchange" it offered to sell Cleveland Railway Company's stock at par plus interest at six per cent, and to buy the same stock at par plus six per cent. The advertisement continued:

> Thus it pays fifty per cent higher rate of interest than the savings banks and the money is ready for you when you want it with no loss of interest and no sixty-day clause. We want Cleveland Railway stock to be a people's saving bank, paying six per cent interest instead of four per cent. As Mayor Johnson says, this stock is equal in security to a GOVERNMENT BOND.

Of course the security was *not* equivalent to a Government bond, and the purchasers of the stock, who are said to be in large numbers small savings bank depositors, can now only sell the stock at the market price, which is to-day considerably below par. It is no defense to say that if Mayor Johnson had succeeded in his traction enterprise he could have carried out his "stock-exchange" promises. Such a defense only confirms the fact that the offer of the advertisement, although under the guise of an absolute guarantee, was really purely speculative. It is very questionable whether any public service corporation ought to be permitted to deal publicly in its own securities. It certainly ought not to be permitted to make any such unqualified promises as that contained in the above advertisement. Mayor Johnson made the always deplorable and usually fatal mistake of introducing methods employed for commercial private profit into the administration of public business.

RELIGIOUS BIGOTRY IN POLITICS

In a letter made public last week, addressed to a citizen of Dayton, Ohio, President Roosevelt has discussed the danger involved in an agitation against a candidate for office on account of his religious belief. The man to whom the President addressed his communication had written to the President "for the sole purpose of giving Mr. Taft an opportunity to let the world know what his religious belief is." He cited in his letter criticisms of Mr. Taft on the ground that he was "an infidel, (Unitarian)," and that he was in sympathy with the Roman Catholic Church. The circulation of such criticisms during the campaign is well known; but it was ignored by Mr. Taft and his friends, and came to nothing. "But now that the campaign is over," writes the President, "when there is an opportunity for men calmly to consider whither such propositions as those you make in your letter would lead, I wish to invite them to consider them. . . ." Besides declaring that a man's religious belief is a matter for his own conscience, the President points out that a demand for a religious statement from a candidate is meaningless unless it is made for the purpose of discrimination on account of religious faith. He adds: "Discrimination against the holder of one faith means retaliatory discrimination against men of other faiths." Such controversy, says the President, has been proved to be fatal to true liberty. A citizen has a right to know that a candidate is clean in character and qualified for office; but he is not entitled to know matters that lie between that man and his Maker. To discriminate against a man because, like Abraham Lincoln, he belongs to no church, or because he belongs to some particular church (the Unitarian, for

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instance, as did John Quincy Adams, and as does the present Chaplain of the Senate, the Rev. Edward Everett Hale), is equivalent to supporting or opposing a man "because of his view of justification by faith, or the method of administering the sacrament, or the gospel of salvation by works." This attitude, the President declares, is an outrage against liberty of conscience. It so happens that the alleged connections of Mr. Taft with the Roman Catholic Church do not exist, but the President is not content with saying this; for if Mr. Taft were himself a Roman Catholic, the President insists that that ought not to affect any man's supporting him for the Presidency. And to his correspondent's assertion that "the mass of the voters that are not Catholics will not support a man for any office, especially for President of the United States, who is a Roman Catholic," the President replies: "I believe that when you say this you foully slander your fellow-countrymen. . . . I know Catholics who have for many years represented constituencies mainly Protestant, and Protestants who have for many years represented constituents mainly Catholic; and among the Congressmen whom I knew particularly well was one man of Jewish faith who represented a district in which there were hardly any Jews at all. All of these men, by their very existence in political life, refute the slander you have uttered against your fellow-Americans. . . . I have consistently tried, while President, to act in relation to my fellow-Americans of Catholic faith, as I hope that any future President who happens to be a Catholic will act toward his fellow-Americans of Protestant faith. . . . In my Cabinet at the present moment there sit side by side Catholic and Protestant, Christian and Jew, each man chosen because in my belief he is peculiarly fitted to exercise on behalf of all our people the duties of the office to which I have appointed him." In this letter the President voices the indignation which every good and intelligent citizen of the land ought to feel at the use of religious bigotry to affect political fortunes, and expresses tersely and concretely one application of the Golden Rule to public affairs.

THE FAITH OF A PUBLIC MAN

In so far as this futile attempt to get political profit out of appeals to creedal prejudice has impressed any sincere and devout persons, it has done so because they forgot for the while the test of Christianity given by Christ himself. The extraordinary use by the President's correspondent of the terms "infidel" and "Unitarian" as synonymous betrays something more than an ignorance of denominational peculiarities. It is an extreme and crude expression of a confusion of thought concerning the basis of religion itself. The distinction between true and false religion Jesus himself found it necessary to reiterate. There is a religion of names, of forms, of terms and titles; and it was this religion which Jesus found the chief obstacle to his own teaching. He insisted again and again that it was not what men professed but what men did, not what men called him but how genuinely men followed him, not what men speculated concerning him but how far men were willing to accept in their lives the ways of life that he embodied, that determined whether or not they were his disciples. Nothing could be more explicit than his declaration, "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven." If any one really wishes to apply the test of Christianity to a public man, it is beside the point to look up his church connections or to quiz him on his theological beliefs. When a man has given up preferment in his chosen calling to go thousands of miles across the sea for the sake of brown men whom he never saw; when he has faced there not merely the physical dangers of a tropical climate but the greater trials of unscrupulous criticism and selfish intrigue, in order that he might organize and strengthen the forces for the elevation of a people for generations oppressed; when he has negotiated with the head of a powerful hierarchy and has achieved an agreement that has been manifestly and enthusiastically accepted as fair and just by the three parties concerned; when he has left that post for new and

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undesired duties that he might advance the interests of people who have no one else in power to speak for them; when he has declined an honor that would have satisfied his legitimate and creditable ambition in order still to do for others what, with reason, he thinks no one has been quite as well trained as he to do; when he goes first to an island people and then to a people of an isthmus on errands of peace and good will, and by the very force of his faith in his fellow-men defeats the forces for dissension and bloodshed; when, again, putting aside his rightful ambition, he has accepted what to him is a distasteful duty of undertaking a political controversy on behalf of his convictions as to the real interests of distant people and as to the real bulwarks of order and justice among his fellow-countrymen; and when through all he preserves a serene and happy disposition, forgetful of what he has sacrificed and frankly enjoying the reward of larger service and greater usefulness—he has given the only sort of evidence that Christ asked concerning a man's faith. If any man has a right to ask more than that, let him show his credentials.

PROGRESS IN THE "BIG FINE" CASE

The case of the Government against the Standard Oil Company, popularly known as the "big fine" case, has advanced another step. In August, 1907, the Standard Oil Company of Indiana was convicted in a Federal court of accepting a discriminatory and illegal rate on shipments of oil from Whiting, Indiana, to East St. Louis, Illinois. A fine of $29,240,000 was imposed. The case was appealed by the Company, and in August, 1908, the conviction was reversed by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals. The main grounds of the reversal were three: (1) The ruling of the lower court that a shipper can be convicted of accepting a concession from the lawful published rate, even though it is not shown that the shipper knew what the lawful published rate actually was; (2) its ruling that in measuring the number of offenses the unit should be a car-load of property carried rather than a train-load or a whole series of shipments for which but one settlement of freight charges had been made; (3) the largeness of the fine imposed and the imposition of so heavy a penalty upon the Indiana corporation on the ground that the real, though not the nominal, defendant was the parent company, the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. An application for a rehearing was made by the Government to the court which reversed the decision, chiefly on the ground that in its opinion the court had made certain errors in reading the history of the case before the trial court. The petition for a rehearing has now been denied by the Court of Appeals. The Court controverts the assertion of the Government attorneys that errors had been made by it, and elaborates its original opinion in certain particulars. It is announced by Attorney-General Bonaparte that an application will be made to the Supreme Court of the United States, when it reconvenes on November 30, for a writ of certiorari to bring up and review the action of the Circuit Court of Appeals. We are glad that this case seems likely to be brought before the Supreme Court for a determination of the points of law involved. The attorneys for the Government, in their application for a rehearing, intimated that if the opinion of the judges of the appellate court were allowed to stand it would tend to nullify almost all the rate reform legislation accomplished under the leadership of President Roosevelt. It would seem that the Government had as strong a case against the Standard Oil Company as it could probably make against any corporation for violation of the anti-rebate law. If the reversal of the conviction is sustained, it will make the task of the Government in enforcing the railway rate regulation statute much harder. The Government would, in that case, before it could convict a shipper of accepting a discriminatory rate, be compelled to prove, not only that the shipper knew that he was receiving such a rate, but that either the rebate was actually paid back to the shipper or, in case of concession, that payment of the lower rate was finally made by the shipper and accepted as payment in full

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by the railway. The difficulty of securing such proof in the case of any two great corporations—shipper and carrier—desirous of concealing illegal practices of this kind is self-evident. In any event, whichever way this present case may be finally decided, it is of the utmost importance to the Administration, in its attempt to regulate the relations of great corporations, that the law should receive final interpretation.

A NEW EDUCATIONAL LEADER

With the choice of Professor Richard C. Maclaurin, LL.D., as its President, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology enters upon a new and important stage in its history. The recent discussions concerning the proposed association with Harvard have brought the alumni, corporation, and faculty into more profitable relation than ever; but there are problems involved in the matter of a suitable site for the Institute, ways and means for adequate endowment and for the increased expense of improved methods of instruction, and the development of the social life of the student body, which await solution by the new President. During the nearly three years in which the presidency has been vacant and the Institute has been under the administration of acting President Noyes, the work of instruction has gone on steadily, and the extraordinarily high reputation of this efficient technical school has been finely maintained. To this institution comes a man of exceptional ability and achievement. At the age of thirty-eight he is at the head of the Department of Physics of Columbia University. He is a native of Edinburgh, Scotland, but his early boyhood was spent in New Zealand, and his preliminary education was completed in English schools. His record at Cambridge University is unusual, for he gained two of the most coveted prizes of the University in two different and distinct branches of learning—mathematics and law. Ten years ago he was appointed Professor of Mathematics in Wellington, New Zealand, and became a trustee of the University of New Zealand. Five years later he was made Dean of the Faculty of Law. While in New Zealand he was actively engaged in the organization of technological education there. A year ago he was called to the chair of Mathematical Physics at Columbia, and this year was made the head of the physics department. He is a believer in the union of technical education with education for culture. He has received the degrees of both Doctor of Science and Doctor of Laws from Cambridge University. His election is full of promise to the Massachusetts Institute, and to the cause of education in this country.

THE KILLING OF EX-SENATOR CARMACK

Ex-Senator Edward Ward Carmack, who during his term in the United States Senate was one of the ablest debaters among the Southerners in Congress, was shot and killed on one of the chief streets of Nashville, near the State Capitol, on Monday of last week. His death was a result of personal animosity engendered by hot political controversy. Although defeated by Governor Patterson as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for the Governorship, after a campaign on the liquor issue, Mr. Carmack had continued an active agitation for State prohibition. As editor of the Nashville Tennessean, Mr. Carmack had recently directed an editorial attack upon Colonel Duncan B. Cooper, who was prominent as an opponent of prohibition. It was only a few seconds after Mr. Carmack had encountered Colonel Cooper and his son, Robin J. Cooper, that he fell with three bullets in his body. Robin Cooper is held by the police for murder, and his father held as an accessory. Since the arrest of these two, another prominent politician of the State, formerly sheriff of the county, has been arrested on the charge of aiding and abetting the homicide. All three have been indicted. In the encounter the younger Cooper was wounded, and the assertion is made that his defense will be that Mr. Carmack was the aggressor. All three men engaged in the affray were carrying pistols. Men who, because they are engaged in a political controversy, arm themselves

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and turn discussion into violence are traitors to free government. The free expression of the will of the majority and the minority of electors, the resort to reason as the mode of preserving or of changing the policies of the government, and acquiescence in the verdict of the majority are essential elements in popular self-government. Those who would intimidate the people from the free expression of political opinion, who would appeal to violence in place of reason as an instrument of political power, and who would attempt by physical force to frustrate the will of the majority are enemies of the people. This affair, therefore, is something more dangerous than even murder; it is an attack upon American political institutions. And the attack is a sordid one. It has not even the redeeming features that might be found in the mediæval practice of dueling. There was no display of cool courage, no sign of fair play. The affair differed in no respect from a bar-room shooting in a frontier town. No one has a right to render a verdict as to the guilt of the prisoners while the case is pending in the criminal court; but every American has the right to protest against the spirit of lawlessness which this occurrence displays. It is the same spirit of lawlessness which has brought the Night Riders into existence; it is the same spirit of lawlessness which brought death from pistols to twelve men in the single city of Birmingham, Alabama, within the eight days preceding the death of Mr. Carmack. It is in the South that this spirit of lawlessness has been most obtrusive and arrogant; and the best people of the South are keenly sensitive to the shame that it brings upon that section of the country. Such papers as the Progressive Farmer, of North Carolina, the Charleston News and Courier, of South Carolina, and the Memphis Commercial Appeal, of Tennessee, have given expression to a sense of the danger that threatens many of the Southern States. The South, however, is not alone at fault. The murderous assault last week Friday on Prosecutor Heney, of San Francisco, although it was by an ex-convict, was symptomatic of the same evil. The whole of the United States has no subtler foe than this lawless spirit, and has no greater lesson to learn than that of respect for law.

PROFIT-SHARING AND STRIKES

A very large part of the "labor troubles" in great industrial corporations springs from a feeling among the workingmen that they are not receiving their fair share of the profits of the industry. This leads to controversies and strikes for higher wages. In this country the United States Steel Corporation has met this difficulty by enabling its army of employees to become junior partners, so to speak. By means of a system already described in these columns every manual worker and every office employee may become a stockholder of the great steel company on simple and easy terms and may thus share in the increased profits which spring from his intelligence, faithfulness, and skill. It is probably due to this fact that little has been heard in the Steel Corporation of labor troubles. A great English shipping and ship-building concern, the incorporated firm of Furness, Withy & Co., has determined to try this plan of profit-sharing as a cure for a long series of intolerable disagreements and strikes with the men in its employ. Sir Christopher Furness, the managing director, has announced to the employees in the ship-building department of his company that it is impossible to carry on the business successfully any longer with the constant friction over the question of wages. In order to give his workmen a vital interest in the profit-making capacity of the company and to establish some basis for the avoidance of strikes which are disastrous both to owners and employees, he proposes to issue some additional shares of capital stock to be called Employees' Shares. The employees are to pay for such shares by agreeing to a reduction of five per cent of their wages until the price of the shares is covered. On the amount thus invested in the special shares the workmen would receive—whether the company divided any surplus or not—four per cent a year fixed interest. Furthermore, the employee-partners would be admitted to par-

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ticipate in such profits as might remain after a certain percentage had been allotted, first to capital, say five per cent, and then to the legitimate purposes of depreciation, development, and surplus. Addressing the Labor Union representatives at West Hartlepool, England, last month, Sir Christopher remarked: "I am aware that a section of workingmen criticise the amounts laid aside by some companies for these various purposes as if they were devices for stealing the real earnings of the company from their employees, but, take my word for it, these allotments cannot be dispensed with, that is to say, if the directors have any regard for the continuance of the company with a reasonable hope of prosperity. Possibly an arrangement might be reached that nothing beyond a definite percentage on an average of years should be put aside."

SIR CHRISTOPHER FURNESS AND THE LABOR UNIONS

Over and above these apportionments there would be divided between the employees' shares and the ordinary shares in the company whatever sum might remain. Moreover, if by reason of large reserve funds the company's shares rise in value, the employees' shares will benefit by similar increase in value. It is evident that in this way the workmen will receive, not only a portion of the profit made upon their own labor, but also a share in the profit that springs from the foresight and enterprise of capital. Sir Christopher justly added: "Co-partnery means something more than mere money-making; it spells also intimacy, friendliness, and, above all, loyalty in work and deed." Hence he proposes to organize what he calls a "Works Council," to be composed of an equal number of representatives of the workmen and representatives of the company. "It would be a kind of Court of Reference and Committee of Counsel rolled into one." Its purpose is, of course, to promote friendly intercourse between the company and its labor-partners. It will be a practical working body, for it can be convened, if there is need, at a moment's notice, on any working day. Some uncompromising labor unionists in England have objected to this plan of a labor-partnership because they think it will lessen the necessity and therefore weaken the authority of the labor union. But the delegates of the labor union immediately affected have recommended an acceptance of Sir Christopher Furness's plan. If labor unions exist only to promote strikes, and profit-sharing eliminates strikes, then the labor union principle and the profit-sharing principle are antagonistic. But The Outlook shares with the best leaders of trades-unionism the belief that the real function of the labor union is to promote organization, solidarity of interest, and efficiency. This is entirely compatible with a practical profit-sharing plan such as that proposed in the Furness works, and we believe the plan will be watched, if for no other reason than that it is a promising experiment, with interest, approval, and encouragement by both employers and labor unionists.

THE PASSING OF A YOUNG LANDMARK

The Madison Square Garden is to be sold. It is announced that the building has never paid a dividend to its owners, and that they are unwilling longer to carry on a losing enterprise. With the growth of the city and the movement northward of the centers of many kinds of activity, the taxes on the building and the land it occupies have largely increased, and the property has become too valuable to be used for a building with limited earning power like the Garden. The probability seems strong that the Garden before long must give way to a great office building. Its passing will be a loss to the city. It will be a loss on the artistic side, for the Garden for eighteen years has been one of the notable architectural features of New York. It is true that it is badly placed for the most satisfactory architectural effect. But Madison Square without the graceful campanile of the Garden, and deprived of the poetic figure of Diana which Augustus Saint-Gaudens designed to crown the tower, will lose much of its charm. Not even the glittering shaft of the Metropolitan tower, nor the sharp prow of

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the Flatiron Building, nor the latest development in sky-scraping architecture which may supplant the great amusement hall, can compensate for such a Diana, dethroned. On the side of entertainment the loss of the Garden will be more widely felt. The city has no other hall of anything like the same size. There is no arena to receive the Circus, Buffalo Bill and his merry men, the Horse Show, the Dog Show, the Sportsman's Show, the Automobile Show, the Poultry Show, the Electrical Show, the Military Tournament, the Motor-Boat Show, the Business Show, the Baby Show, the Beauty Show. The Garden, too, fills an important place in the political field. Great mass-meetings have been addressed within its walls by hundreds of prominent speakers—President Roosevelt, Mr. Taft, Mr. Bryan, Governor Hughes, Secretary Root, Judge Parker. In the Garden Mr. Bryan was officially notified of his first nomination for the Presidency, and there he received an enthusiastic welcome on his return from his trip around the world. It is a commentary on our youth as a people that we are prepared to mourn the destruction of a building less than a score of years old as the loss of a landmark. But affection is not to be measured in terms of years; New York loves the Madison Square Garden. The Garden ought to be preserved. If it cannot become the property of the city, and the municipal needs in many other directions are so pressing that this is probably out of the question, it ought to be endowed. Just how the consummation could be brought about we do not pretend to say. We only know that the Garden ought not to go.

SOCIAL SERVICE FOR HOSPITAL PATIENTS

Seven years ago, at the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, a corps of medical students were grouped together under the direction of one of the agents of the local Charity Organization Society for the purpose of following up the cases that came to the hospital for treatment, and combining medical with neighborly help. That was the beginning in America of social service in the hospital—a sort of hospital extension work which is now growing rapidly and far outstripping its prototype, the "hospital almoner" in England. Not until Dr. Richard C. Cabot, in 1905, introduced a social service department in connection with the dispensary work of the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston, was the new idea of completing the efficiency of the hospital fairly launched. In 1906 it reached its first well-rounded development when Bellevue and Allied Hospitals in New York City established the Convalescent Relief Nurses, whose field was social service for all the patients in all the branches (including the dispensary) of one of the most varied hospital practices in the world—one thousand patients constantly coming and going. Since then other hospitals in New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia have taken up the new idea, until now the movement has become widespread and well defined—the latest development in the ever-extending warfare against disease. At the recent New York State Conference of Charities and Correction at Elmira, Miss Mary E. Wadley, under whom social service and convalescent relief were begun at Bellevue, presented a paper and an exhibit giving a complete idea of the many ramifications of this important work. At Bellevue the relief nurses have already handled over six thousand cases. There are ten workers devoting either whole or part time and many volunteer workers supplied by philanthropic organizations. Just what is "social service in the hospital"? Once the duty of the hospital ended with a "cure" by the doctors. Cases had been known to be discharged only to be brought back within a few weeks or even days. Often to go out from the doors of the hospital meant to the patient only a worse discouragement than before; meant facing new problems he was as yet physically unable to meet. The doctors, in the very nature of things, could not care for such cases. It was all they could do to set disjointed bones; they could not deal with life histories that were out of joint. Other patients came fast, crowding the convalescents out of their beds. But was it good business to let these

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people go out, only to come back, perhaps with seven diseases worse than the first? It wasn't humanitarian, certainly. At that point the new idea of really completing the hospital treatment came into play. Nowadays, for example, if a man has lead poisoning, and is discharged, cured, an effort would be made to change his employment. In the old days, and indeed in most hospitals yet in the country, the chances are that he will be back again in a month or two, this time, no doubt, with lead paralysis. Such a state of affairs is rather hard on the man, to say nothing about its being the very worst kind of expensive business for the hospital. So the social service nurses have become necessary, trained both in nursing and social work. These nurses visit the wards of the hospital to see what opportunities they may discover for helping the patients. Often all that is needed is to secure them admission for a fortnight or so to a convalescent home in the country, or to a permanent home.

SOME INDIVIDUAL CASES

Case after case of this sort shows how small a thing may often change a whole life—a man dying of starvation is brought in by the ambulance and is sent out with a job, with the result that a scattered family is reunited. An ignorant mother is given a little home instruction and a baby's life is saved. The children are provided for temporarily and the father is then able to go to a free sanatorium to be cured of tuberculosis, or a mother can come to the hospital and have an urgent operation for cancer. Either would otherwise have sacrificed his or her life for the children; as it is, the parent is saved for the children. In Bellevue immigrants furnish all sorts of knotty problems for the social workers. One never knows just what sort of hard luck they are going to turn up with. Often a story obtained through an interpreter sympathetically will save a man from deportation and certain exile to Siberia when he is dumped back on Russia, from which he fled a political exile. A Polish girl is arrested for attempted suicide by gas; it is found that the gas was turned on by accident, and the poor girl is started right again. Boys from out of town, and indeed many boys from in town too, need all sorts of care and advice. There is a large field for child-saving in the hospital. Such was the case of a sixteen-year-old Brooklyn boy who was picked up starving on the street. On the death of his widowed mother he had simply walked out from the funeral into the great world, alone. "No one said stay, and no one said go, so all I could do was to walk out," he said, simply, as he told his story to the nurse, actually the first friend he had met in two years. He is now working on a farm in New York State and saving money to buy a farm of his own. Few cases are more difficult to deal with than those which may be lumped together under what may be called "social pathology"—the neurasthenics, the insane, the victims of the alcohol and drug habits, the attempted suicides, and those in the prison wards. Here the social worker's first fight is to secure the co-operation of the patient; after that the problem is just as hard of solution as in the other cases, perhaps a little harder. And yet the stories that the relief nurses tell of this phase of the work, of the long, hard battles that have ended with an entire change of character, are the real triumphs of such social work. "Not many years ago," concludes a booklet recently issued by the Bellevue Convalescent Relief Committee, "the hospital and dispensary laid all the stress on drugs and the knife. To-day we know better. After they have done their work comes the time for social service—the provision of those things necessary to complete or render permanent the cure. Nowadays we have learned that the hospital must carry its campaign beyond its wards and dispensaries if it will really grapple with the public enemy—disease. That gap is bridged by the relief nurse. Moreover, when you have once seen the quick results of this service and have understood how the work is fast crowding up on the social worker you will suddenly realize that this field for energy and money offers splendid human interest on the investment."

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VICTORIEN SARDOU

There died in Paris last week the most popular writer of plays of this generation, Victorien Sardou. His plays were translated into a score of languages and were performed in practically every center of civilization throughout the world. Scribe, Augier, and Dumas the younger wrote some works superior in sheer genius to any of Sardou's, but Sardou's scores of plays, covering well-nigh the whole range of the drama, recall the similarly comprehensive work of Balzac, though the dramatist who has just passed away could not expect the enduring fame of the novelist who died half a century ago. If Sardou's works lack the creative energy and keen psychology of Balzac's novels, they are the mirror of society. What Balzac did in reflecting the France of the first half of the nineteenth century Sardou did in considerable degree for the France of the latter half. Neither author was at his best in attempting the purely historic; Sardou's "Dante" and "Robespierre," for instance, are relegated to a second place in comparison with his "Rabagas" and "Famille Benoiton," works exhibiting the sardonic, caustic humor of a keen critic of contemporary manners. If Sardou was notable in comprehensiveness of subject, he also outdistanced his rivals in the gift of construction, in technical skill and craftsmanship. For this reason his plays are the delight of theater company managers everywhere. The poor student of medicine, who sixty years ago was forced to essay dramatic composition to earn a living, quickly disclosed remarkable tact in the adaptation of the material of others. Poe's "Purloined Letter" is an example. Baudelaire translated it and Sardou based his comedy "Les Pattes de Mouche" upon it; and it is familiar in English as "A Scrap of Paper." It is also a capital example of Sardou's buoyancy and lightness of touch, qualities not always distinguishing men of greater genius. In Sardou's middle period his plays were emphatically his own. The later period was marked by a greater attention to the spectacular and sensationally scenic, as in "Fédora," "Théodora," "Patrie." It is the fashion nowadays to speak slightingly of Sardou as merely "an eminent vaudevillist." It is true that people go to the theater to be amused rather than to be instructed. But Sardou amused and more. His lively dialogue, the humor and truth of his satire, his deft characterizations, his dextrously constructed "acting properties," even if written with a careful eye to later box receipts, were rarely if ever allowed to degenerate into a support of skepticism, of dubious morals, and of the disintegration of the family, as did the work of some other dramatists of higher rank. Sardou thus won a certain love and esteem denied to men of greater genius but with a perspective less true. Sardou dealt with incident rather than with character; his aim was to invent a crucial situation and then construct a play around it; the result was amusing, interesting, often wholesome.

CHRISTIAN LEADERS IN COUNCIL

Active preparations have been going on since midsummer for what is likely to prove the most significant and effective yet held of world-meetings for the furtherance of Christian missions. The World Missionary Conference, which is to meet in Edinburgh in June, 1910, will be more than a rally of interested supporters; it is to be a council of leaders. It is to be for missionary interests what the recent International Congress on Tuberculosis was for medical interests. Within a decade a new era has begun, most noticeably in Asia east and west. New and vital problems have emerged. To grapple intelligently with these problems a working body of experts is called into conference, men and women recognized as successful leaders in missionary thought and work, not merely natives of the West, but also natives of the East, leaders in the Christian communities already formed there. The numerous subjects of conference have already been distributed among separate commissions charged with the business of investigation and report for thorough discussion—such reports to be distributed for study in advance of the meeting of the Conference. Among topics specially suggestive of the new era such as

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these occur: The aggressions of Islam, the Buddhist revival, the awakening of the East; movements toward national churches and native missionary societies; the Christianization of national thought and character, especially through institutions of higher learning and through literature; the creation of Christian leaders in religion, social service, and civil life; new forward movements in the home churches; limits of co-operation with governments, and conservation of the spiritual (non-political and non-civil) character of the missionary enterprise. An International Committee of nineteen met in Oxford, England, last summer, and mapped out the work of preparation, none too early for the best results to appear when the Conference meets. The countries represented were the United States, Canada, England, Scotland, Germany, Norway, and Sweden. The American members are Dr. James L. Barton, of the American Board of Foreign Missions, and Dr. Arthur J. Brown, of the Presbyterian Board, Mr. Silas McBee, editor of The Churchman, and Mr. John R. Mott, of the World's Student Christian Federation. The membership of the Conference is limited to about twelve hundred, and apportioned among the constituent societies on the basis of their incomes. Wide differences exist among them, but missionary enterprise is their unifying interest. Letters from President Roosevelt, Mr. Taft, and Ambassador Bryce emphasize the importance of this Conference. Mr. Bryce says: "The ancient beliefs and customs of the non-Christian peoples are destined soon to pass away; and it becomes a matter of supreme importance to see that new and better moral and religious principles are given to them promptly to replace what is disappearing; and to endeavor to find methods for preventing the faults or vices of adventurers and others who are trying to exploit the uncivilized races from becoming a fatal hindrance to the spread of Christianity." The Outlook regards the present movement as one of the most important among various signs that the missionary enterprise of the modern Church is emerging from its adolescence in the nineteenth century into the larger intelligence and power of maturity in the twentieth century.

THE WELFARE OF THE FARMER

The Commission on Country Life appointed by President Roosevelt to consider the condition of the American farmer has issued a general circular asking for replies to the following questions:

Are the farms in your neighborhood as good as they should be under existing conditions?

Are the schools of your neighborhood training boys and girls satisfactorily for life on the farm?

Do the farmers in your neighborhood get the returns they reasonably should from the sale of their product?

Do the farmers in your neighborhood receive from the railroads, highroads, trolley lines, etc., the service they reasonably should have?

Do the farmers in your neighborhood receive from the United States postal service, rural telephone, etc., the service they reasonably should expect?

Are the farmers and their wives in your neighborhood satisfactorily organized to promote their mutual buying and selling interests?

Are the renters of farms in your neighborhood making a satisfactory living?

Is the supply of farm labor in your neighborhood satisfactory?

Are the conditions surrounding hired labor on the farms in your neighborhood satisfactory to the hired men?

Have the farmers in your neighborhood satisfactory facilities for doing their business in banking, credit, insurance, etc.?

Are the sanitary conditions of the farms in your neighborhood satisfactory?

Do the farmers and their wives and families in your neighborhood get together for mutual improvement, entertainment, and social intercourse as much as they should?

What, in your judgment, is the most important single thing to be done for the general betterment of country life?

We do not propose to try to answer these questions here. Differing conditions in different localities will necessarily evoke differing replies. The farmer of New Hampshire or New York is affected by social and economic influences quite unlike those which shape the affairs of the farmer in Nebraska or Texas. It is therefore impossible to frame a complete set of answers to the foregoing questions which shall be uniformly applicable to every agricultural

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community in the United States. If, however, the Commission does nothing else but to turn the attention of both farmer and non-farmer to the importance of considering agriculture in a scientific spirit and with an open mind, it will have amply fulfilled its mission. But it will, of course, do much more than this; it will collect a mass of statistics and expert opinion of great practical value in determining what methods the people and the Government of the country may adopt to strengthen and develop the social, economic, and political usefulness of the American farmer.

The old saying, "The Lord helps those who help themselves," is quite as true of farmers as of any other group of citizens. In details the farmer must work out his own salvation. Neither the Government nor any commission of the Government can decide for each farmer when or how he is to hatch chickens or breed pigs or graft apple trees or grow asparagus or harvest forty bushels of wheat to the acre. But we think there are at least four general methods of universal application in the forty-six States of the Union by promoting which the people and the Government may promote the welfare of the farmer and the development of American agriculture.

I. *Educate the non-farming classes.*

In our judgment, the chief obstacle that the American farmer has to contend with to-day is that the banker, the merchant, the manufacturer, the lawyer, the doctor, the minister, the professor, the artist, the legislator, and the editor know too little about him and his work. We measure the wealth and strength of the United States too much by its rich banks, its enormous factories, its miles of railway, its splendid hospitals, its brilliant theaters, its powerful newspapers, its learned universities. Who has built all of these, and who maintains them? The farmer. When do railways pass their dividends, when do newspapers lose their subscribers, when do banks fall into the hands of receivers, when do actors play to empty benches, when do doctors fail to collect their bills, when do the universities suffer for funds? When the crops fail. Imagine the surface of the world covered with a coat of asphalt like Fifth Avenue. Newspapers could be edited upon it, banks could cash checks upon it, automobiles could roll upon it, silks and satins and calicoes and woolens could be sold upon it, surgeons could operate upon it, and lawyers could argue upon it; but in six months we should all die for lack of milk and bread, potatoes and meat. All our universities, high schools, and elementary schools should do more than they are now doing to teach their students something of the history of agriculture and of its fundamental commercial, economic, and social importance. Boys and girls in our public schools ought to be taught to think of California as a land of fruit and grain rather than a land of gold, for the fruit and grain products of California outvalue in dollars and cents its gold product. In 1907 the farm dairy products of the United States were worth $800,000,000, and poultry and eggs were produced in that year to the value of $600,000,000. The Secretary of Agriculture does not use extravagant language when, in commenting on these and similar figures, he says that the farmer of the United States is conducting a National business "on a scale of magnificence that defies the imagination to comprehend."

II. *Educate the farming class.*

Much has been done in recent years to improve the agricultural colleges of the various States. Some of them have attained a state of very high scientific efficiency. But these colleges are for experts, and not for the masses. To trust to them alone for the education of the farming class is as if we should trust to the medical schools of the country to give school-boys and school-girls the training they need in physiology and hygiene. Every district school teacher should be required to know something about the history of agriculture and its modern progress, and should be able to impart this knowledge to the pupils. Every district school-house should have a garden connected with it, and every teacher should be required to know enough about the growing of vegetables, fruits, and flowers to interest and instruct the children in some phases of garden work. The Outlook would be among

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the last to take away from any child the opportunity to learn all it can of history, language, literature, and abstract science; but the introduction of practical elementary agriculture into our public schools would stimulate and not minimize interest in purely literary studies.

III. *Encourage rural co-operation.*

The existing individualism of the farmers is their greatest economic disadvantage, as the existing organization of trade workers is their greatest economic advantage. If the farmers would combine in some sort of joint stock corporations or mutual associations, and employ their own distributing or selling agent, they could get at least a fair division of the profits, the lion's share of which now goes, in many farming industries, to the middlemen. The farmer of Orange County, New York, receives two cents a quart for milk for which the consumer pays in New York City, sixty miles away, eight cents a quart. Seventy-five per cent of a product is a disproportionate amount for the producer and the consumer to pay to the distributer. Last July Mr. N. O. Nelson, one of the leaders in the co-operative movement in this country, gave some account of the progress of Rural Co-operation in the West. In Denmark and Belgium, and to some extent in Ireland, co-operation has revolutionized the condition of the farmers. The movement ought to be encouraged and directed along the right lines in this country by all those who desire the welfare of American agriculture.

IV. *Improve the means of inter-farm communication.*

The farmers of the United States have had to struggle against the disadvantages of isolation. This isolation has retarded their progress both socially and commercially. The construction and maintenance of good roads by the Government, the establishment of postal savings banks and a parcels post, the extension of the rural free delivery, the ownership by the Government of the telegraph and the installation of telegraphic facilities in practically every post-office, the efficient government regulation and supervision of telephone, railway, and trolley systems, would not only give the farmer better access to the market, but would tend to develop the social life in agricultural communities, and out of that a sense of social obligation. Farming tends to isolation, and isolation to a self-centered individualism. It is not altogether visionary to imagine that good roads, the more general use of automobiles, and the extension of rural trolleys may some time make it possible for the farmers to live in groups—small villages and hamlets—and go to their farms as in the cities the merchants go to their stores or the lawyers to their offices.

The conclusion of it all is that what will most help the farmer is more education—social, industrial, and political—of all the people. The creation of the Commission on Country Life is an important step in the direction of stimulating a desire for such education and of establishing the lines along which it shall lead.

THE AMERICAN VOICE

Americans may not have understood all that Mr. Henry James had to say about the defects of the speaking voice in this country, but they are beginning to recognize those defects and to understand the fundamental importance of right breathing, pure tones, full music of the vowels, clear definition of the consonants, and the charm of shading and emphasis, playing like light and shade over the entire vocal expression. One hears too many high, shrill, nervous voices in this country. These defects are especially noticeable where people try to talk with one another in large groups; each striving to speak above the general sound, until one hears at a little distance not a murmur, but a string of piercing staccato notes like those tones of the blue jay which belie his beautiful plumage. We have the choice between the tones of the thrush and those of the blue jay, and too many adopt not only the dress but the tones of the jay.

There is perhaps no single possession so rich in pleasure-giving qualities as a well-toned voice. It lies in the ear and lives in the memory like a song after the words are forgotten; it is a quiet music running through the day as a gentle

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stream flows through the meadows, winding in and out, touching a thousand sweet and fragrant growths. It gives rest in a noisy time; it brings harmony in an age of discords; it is a lovely accompaniment to the daily offices and contacts of life.

It is more than this; it is the sign and proof of the finer culture. President Eliot has said that if there is a single test of education it is the ability to use one's language with exactness and freedom. If there is a test of the culture which goes below education, and matures, ripens, and enriches that which is educated, it is the ability to give the language one uses vocal expression at once rich, full, and significant of the training that makes the face, the eye, the hand, the whole body, responsive to emotion, to thought, to the will. In an old society, where attention has been given to education in the wide and beautiful no less than in the thorough and practical sense of the word, the voice is an almost infallible index of advantages, training, association. It is in many ways the evidence of that civilization of which business is, in the last analysis, the servant; which in its large inclusiveness puts work, so often substituted in this country for the ultimate ends of the spirit, in its place as a single form of the energy which men must pour out over a great surface if they are to give themselves the full use of the opportunity we call life.

More than this: the right use of the voice is one of the prime secrets of health. When the ear has been trained, it instantly detects and protests against the strain of wrong vocalization on the delicate vocal organization and against allowing the nerves to scream through shrill, hard tones. Much of our so-called energy is mere nervous agitation and restlessness; there are hosts of women who would regain shattered health if a trained ear made the lowering of the voice imperative to them; for when the ear has been educated to pure tones, hysteria in speech becomes unendurable. A course in vocal training would not only rob many voices of their terrors, but bring restraint and repose to those who are tearing their nerves to tatters by the nervous tension of their speech.

Above all, the voice is the instrument of the spirit; the delicate and sensitive register of its whole range of interests, emotions, experiences. Its right use means the possession of a clear and beautiful vocal language which conveys the nicest shades and subtlest gradations of expression; the complete transference from mind to mind of thoughts, emotions, influences. It is an art as delicate as that which the violinist masters after years of toil, and it works its magic in places and at times beyond the reach of his instrument. It is an immense power in a man, a great charm in a woman; for beautiful speech is the freeing of the soul, the easy command of a language adequate for its deepest or its most elusive emotion.

A great volume of voice submerges words instead of carrying them, while the lightest tone, if it be pure, reaches the ear of the farthest auditor. Ignorance of the proper use of the voice means physical exhaustion alike for speaker and hearer, while its normal use means rest and pleasure. The untrained voice makes a monotony of Hamlet's soliloquy or Browning's "Last Duchess," while a trained voice brings out a world of moving thought, a world of changing meaning. Literature, and especially poetry, has suffered the loss of half its power by transference from the vitality and variety of the speaking voice to the monotone of the printed page. To read the melody of "Tears, Idle Tears" or "Ulalume" with the eye and not to hear it with the ear is like sitting at the piano and reading the score of Beethoven's "Kreutzer Sonata" without touching the keys of the instrument.

To secure command of the violin young men and women expatriate themselves and spend laborious years in study and practice; while the most beautiful and expressive of instruments, as Miss Everts explains in her clear and practical presentation of "The Speaking Voice,"[1] can be trained at home, with a very moderate amount of work and expenditure of time. This training ought to be a part of the education of the home. It must begin with parents; chil-

[1] The Speaking Voice. By Katherine Jewell Everts. Harper & Brothers, New York.

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dren must be accustomed from infancy to pleasant voices, pure tones, and intelligent modulation. Half of vocal education lies in accustoming the ear to right speaking; when the ear becomes sensitive to the voice, it is a constant monitor supervising its use. A little practice makes the ear alert. A little time and patience secures deep breathing, which is one of the open secrets of health and vigor; the right touch on the vowels to evoke the kind of music which Tennyson gives us in "The Splendor Falls on Castle Walls;" the clear strength of the consonants; that modulation which "interprets the thought by the tune;" and the charming art of reading, which ought to be one of the resources of the home. Miss Everts's interesting and thoroughly usable book combines in rare degree the knowledge of the mechanism of the voice with skill in making practical suggestions for individual study. Too much of the emphasis of the older elocutionists rested on technical skill in the use of the vocal organs; this book deals, not with elocution as a vocal accomplishment, but with the training of the speaking voice as the medium of the free and beautiful expression of the spirit, the liberation of the personality. It puts within our reach that pure and restful melody which sets our most familiar intercourse to an unwritten music.

TWO IDEALS IN MUSIC

Among our National institutions it is not unjustifiable to include that superb organization the Boston Symphony Orchestra. It is true that its members are almost all of foreign origin, but all Americans and American institutions are ultimately derived from Europe; it is true that it has a definite location in Boston, but it is not quite so firmly fixed there as that other National institution, Faneuil Hall; it is true that it owes its existence to private munificence, but so do universities and art galleries which are National in character and influence. What we mean by calling the Boston Symphony Orchestra a National institution is simply this: that if a foreigner were to ask what would be regarded in America as approaching more nearly than anything else the highest American standards of musical excellence, he would not be misled if he were instructed to hear for a season the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

This is all but universally acknowledged. It is a very great distinction. When, therefore, a new conductor comes to direct that great orchestra, no one who cares how art prospers in this country can be wholly unconcerned.

This fall Mr. Max Fiedler, who has come to America from Hamburg, has succeeded to the office filled successively by Henschel, Gericke, Nikisch, Paur, Gericke again, and Muck. Unlike his predecessors, who, with the exception of Mr. Henschel, have all been conductors of opera, Mr. Fiedler has received all his experience in the concert room; yet no one of them all has had a more dramatic conception of music than he has displayed. Indeed, in dependence for effect upon strong contrasts and stirring climaxes, Mr. Fiedler seems to differ from them all. He has already conducted a number of concerts in Boston and other cities, and he has created in the minds of different kinds of critical listeners much the same impression. That impression has proved unpleasant or agreeable in accordance with the listeners' musical taste.

There are two extremes toward the one or the other of which almost every conductor tends. At one extreme is the conductor who exalts beauty of musical structure, at the other the conductor who exalts intensity of emotional effect. The one delights in a great musical composition as a piece of fluid architecture; the other delights in it as the nearest possible approach to pure feeling. The one endeavors to make clear the texture of the counterpoint, the brilliance or mellowness of the instrumentation, the subtle melodies easily obscured by carelessness, the growth and relation of thematic elements, the proportion of parts, the stateliness or grace of the whole production as a work of fine art; the other endeavors to convey a mood, to enchant his hearers by the expressiveness of tone, to sway them by the ingratiating strains of the dance movement,

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to thrill them by the martial vigor of rhythm, to stir them by the power of tremendous climaxes—in brief, to distill in musical tone vaporous emotion. Each extreme has the defects and the virtues of its quality.

It was the good fortune of the Boston Symphony Orchestra to have, as virtually its organizer and its trainer in the early years of its existence, a conductor whose excellencies were of the first type. Wilhelm Gericke instilled into that great body of players ideals of order, of balance, of perfection, that it has never lost. His successors maintained those ideals. One of the offshoots of that orchestra, the Kneisel Quartet, has, under the leadership of Mr. Kneisel, formerly concertmeister of the Orchestra, been a consummate exponent of these same ideals in chamber music.

America, however, has known conductors of the other type of ideals; notably Mr. Safonoff, the present conductor of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. The difference between Mr. Gericke and Mr. Safonoff is typified in the difference between the majestic structural beauty of Brahms's Second Symphony and the incoherent but whelming grief of Tchaikowski's Symphony Pathétique. It will be interesting to American lovers of music to note the effect on an orchestra trained in the ways of Gericke of a conductor who seems to lean rather to the methods and ideals of Safonoff.

THE NATION SUPERIOR TO THE CONSTITUTION

The dismissal by the Supreme Court of the United States of the writ of error in the case of Coulson, the Gorgona wife-murderer, may reasonably be taken as a reaffirmation of the principle which The Outlook has repeatedly affirmed since the opening of the Spanish-American War, and for the affirmation of which it has been called to account by certain of its legal correspondents. This principle is that the Canal Zone is not a part of the United States and not under the Constitution, and that, therefore, residents of it are not entitled to the privileges and immunities enjoyed by citizens of the United States under the Constitution. We restate here that principle for the further consideration of critics who have not understood it, or, understanding, have not accepted it.

The Constitution did not create the Nation, the Nation created the Constitution; the Constitution does not limit the powers of the Nation, it determines how those powers shall be distributed; it prohibits certain specific acts by the Nation. The Nation cannot, without changing the Constitution, establish slavery anywhere under the National flag; nor establish a National Church or a National religion; nor grant a title of nobility. But, with a few such specified exceptions, it has all the powers that are inherent in nationality. Among these is the power to acquire territory by conquest or purchase, and to govern as subjects the inhabitants of such territory. Such inhabitants are not citizens of the United States and have no right to claim any of the privileges conferred upon citizens by the Constitution of the United States. They have no right, for example, to demand trial by jury. In short, the Supreme Court of the United States again affirms what Mr. Root, in his report as Secretary of War, affirmed in 1899, that "the United States has all the powers in respect of the territory which it has thus acquired, and the inhabitants of that territory, which any nation in the world has in respect of territory which it has acquired," and the people of such territory are subject to the complete sovereignty of the people of the United States, "controlled by no legal limitations except those which may be found in the treaty of cession."

In brief, the American Nation is not a Nation of limited powers; it has all the powers, with certain defined exceptions such as are instanced above, possessed by any nation by reason of its nationality. It is, however, a Nation of distributed powers; and the object of the Constitution is not to put limits on the powers of the Nation, but to show how they are distributed, both between the State Governments and the Federal Government, and among the Executive, Legislative, and Judicial Departments of the Federal Government.

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THE SPECTATOR

The difficulties of living in this amazing, polyglot country of ours increase at such a rate that we—that is, the humble, unconfessedly illiterate we—are left stuttering and misunderstood. The cautious old gentlemen who have refused to travel because they guess they'll stay in a place where they speak the language have no longer any reason to stay at home, for to speak the languages of America one must have the talents and versatility of the Tower of Babel. It is very difficult to realize that you are unable to make yourself understood in your own country, and you feel an embarrassed desire that no one shall see you struggling with your predicament; it is one of those intimate things—like managing your own children and slipping on an icy pavement—which should be done in absolute privacy, or at least in partial seclusion; but when your newsdealer is an Armenian who not only speaks no English, but seems bored and irritated because you speak no Armenian, and your grocery boy is a German who cheerfully refuses to learn even the names of the vegetables, then the thing has loomed too big to be covered by the skirts of discretion, and you admit without the shadow of a quibble that your troubles are real; and sorrowfully, in view of the public, you prepare to battle with them.

Oh, it is very upsetting! We are getting the difficulties of foreign life without the fun that counterbalances them; it is the luggage of travel without the landscapes; and we are perfectly justified in railing at our fate. How is one to prepare for life in America?—we have got to think of that, you see—what sort of a course must we put ourselves through before we are competent to tussle with the land of our birth? When you go to France you buy a little book that has remarks for all possible happenings under easily found headings. Turning to page 10, you see at once how to cry "Murder" or "My leg is broken." On page 7 you find in one concise sentence the words stating that your money is gone and you cannot pay your hotel bill. There you are; you have the sentence; everything is simple; you merely repeat it until you are arrested by the irate hotel-keeper or help comes in the form of a friend. What more could you want? After all, you are not known; you rather meant, when you left home, to relax a bit; and what does it matter? You will be returning in a month or two, and then everybody will understand you. Ah! that's just it—will they? Have you a clear idea of what America has become in these last few years? Have you, for instance, tried recently to have your house done over? That is a cheering experience that makes one see one's native land with new eyes.

The painters, plasterers, and paperers are all dusky creatures of eccentric, hazy nationality. At the end of an interview with them you half wonder if they did not emigrate from one of those petty principalities so often found in novels of adventure but never by any chance discovered on the map. They must have come from one of these places; they do not understand your French or your eldest son's German; obviously they have not much idea of the languages; you doubt if the thing they speak is a language at all; to-morrow, when you have tried your pet cousin's Italian on them, you will know it is not; it is a—a jargon, and you would not be in the least surprised to learn that they cannot understand each other. What is more, they look dangerous and stiletto y, not at all the sort of people you enjoy arguing with. But being on the war-path (doing over a house is not a whit more docile an undertaking than genuine warfare), you disregard all minor fears, and when you see white paint being put where you had never meant white paint should go, you plant yourself firmly in the sphere of the painter's action, and you ask him sternly what he means by it all. He means, by the languorous shrug of his shoulders, that he will continue working when you get out of his way, but until then you will pardon him if he yawns. Undaunted, you explain that those banisters were to be green—a soft, beautiful green—and you will not

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have them white at any cost. He purses his lips, gazes silently out of the window, and you are almost sure that your vehemence wearies him. Slightly cowed, and wondering if your government has the tender care for you that it should, you appeal to the two or three other men at work about the place; they grunt with varying degrees of politeness, thereby breaking it to you gently that they think you, too, speak a foolish and not understandable language.

Horribly the suspicion creeps over you that you are not a free-born citizen of the United States, but an intrusive foreigner who has come where he has no right to be. Bewildered, and with little flecks of anger dancing over everything, you look across the street, and the solid row of brownstone fronts reassures you. You belong here, this is your country; you will show these men, you will bully them into their proper immigrant place. You fairly swell with the might of your position, and then—then, all hesitancy, you begin. Pointing to the white paint, you say, "White paint." Firmly, politely, you repeat it. Unable to find the green paint that should be there to be used in this demonstration, you instead point to your foliage hat (the reader has by this time probably surmised that "you" is the Spectator's wife or daughter), and, with desperate distinctness, hiss, "Green." By this time the painter looks very unhappy and a little frightened. The other men have gathered around, and are eying you suspiciously, interested, but on their guard. You cannot help feeling that it looks as though you were accusing the man of putting white paint on your hat, and, anxious to dispel this idea, you say kindly, still pointing to the paint, "No, no, no paint." You are not surprised to see the man's mouth twitch into a delighted grin. This is more than you can stand, and, determined to get away, but also determined to save those banisters before you go, you turn to all the men in a last appeal to be understood, and, patting the banisters with one hand, you dramatically spurn the paint with the other, repeating this with pauses to see what glimmerings of the truth they may have. At last they understand that no more work is to be done; they tell the painter in a few guttural ejaculations that he is to rest and waste time; and you, thankful to have achieved even that, speed away to the landlord, who, equally unable to cope with these people in turn, telephones for their head workman, who may be able to make them understand.

. It is really all a very trying business. We are perfectly willing to suffer ourselves and to teach English to some half-dozen domestics every year. But how can we educate our children so that they will be equal to living in America? Just which of the dozen necessary languages shall we put them through, and can we bear to deny our children purity of speech in these languages while substituting the needful, imperative patois of innumerable unheard-of, far-away localities? Ought we to do this? Ought we—what ought we to do? It is not as though it could be taken seriously, either; we have not that comfort; unfortunately, it is not a dignified sorrow at all; we are going to be laughed at; cartoons are going to appear in the foreign papers showing horrid little signs stuck in the windows of our best shops, that read, "English spoken here." More and more the sense of utter foolishness will grow upon us until we are one large national blush. Think of driving along a Connecticut road with an English visitor, and picture your feelings when you stop a pedestrian to inquire about directions, and that pedestrian waits patiently until you have finished, then, shrugging, with unforgivable foreign grace, all the responsibility of understanding quite off his shoulders, smiles commiseratingly and walks on, leaving you alone with the gibes of your English friend. Oh, it is not to be endured; it is too humiliatingly laughable; let us have Esperanto (and no newcomer allowed in the country without it), or a sign-language, or a few adequate phrase-books—something, anything!

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SENATOR BRISTOW, OF KANSAS

BY FRANK C. LOCKWOOD

WHEN three times in a single decade a man rises into National prominence with no effort at sensationalism, with only such a crown of prestige and dignity as befalls a minor Government official, and with no military record to conjure with, this argues something worthy and unique in that man's character. For the third time since 1899 the Hon. Joseph L. Bristow, of Kansas, thus steps into the National arena; and as it seems likely that he will long be a conspicuous figure in American life, the public may be interested to read his pedigree and take the measure of his manhood.

Born in a log cabin in Wolfe County, Kentucky, July 22, 1861, of Kentucky feud blood, his father a soldier in the Union army from the time the boy was three months old until he was three and a half years old; removed to Elk County, Kansas, in 1879, to battle with poverty upon a raw and arid little farm, surely there should be small surprise if the call of the wild sometimes stirs the heart and brain of Bristow. But, on the other hand, he was never remote from the rudiments of culture and civilization. His grandfather was a Methodist minister; his father was a country schoolteacher at the time of his birth, and after the war he, too, became a Methodist minister; and young Bristow himself, when only twenty years of age, started to Baker University, at Baldwin, Kansas, to get an education and prepare for the ministry.

The education secured in a Kansas college a quarter of a century ago was a crude and an anomalous possession, but such as it was young Bristow got it; and it has done him no harm. The disadvantages of a four years' course carried with them the assured advantage of a thorough training in college politics. There were no fraternities in Baker University while Bristow was a student there. The literary societies took the place of fraternity life—I had almost said of athletic life too, for life in the society halls was strenuous. There were at that time two rival organizations, the Athenian Society and the Biblical Society; and no two political parties ever engaged in more heated contests than those waged between these two societies during the eighties. There were, moreover, factions in each society; so that to the zest of general warfare was added intense and stirring fratricidal conflict. Mr. Bristow, with other men who have achieved distinction, belonged to the Biblical Society; and at that time this society was rent by fierce internal strife. There were able parliamentarians in both organizations and in all factions; and I question whether any public men in this country to-day have had better training in "Roberts' Rules of Order"—and the general rules of disorder—than the four or five leaders of the Baker University literary societies at the time of which I write. It was, too, the day of fervid eloquence; oratorical ideals ruled the institution, and the traditions of the college had to do chiefly with war and eloquence. It was in such an environment that young Bristow received his first instruction in caucuses, in parliamentary tactics, in debate, in political warfare, and in confounding evil-doers.

He was in National politics, too, even during his college course. In 1884, during the Presidential campaign, he organized a Blaine and Logan Club, enlisting fifty-one of the fifty-two voters in the college under his banner. He was a thorough and diligent student, but it was understood on the part of the faculty that he always laid aside his college duties on election day. He was poor and already had a family when he came to Baldwin, so that for him college life was serious. Like other statesmen, past and present, he turned book agent when occasion demanded. A part of the time some of his associates, as poor as he, ate at his frugal board, and so eked out the family income; and toward the end of his college course he edited the chief paper in the village, at once profiting

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financially and paving the way to political office. Upon graduating from college, in June, 1886, he was shrewd enough, in the face of stout opposition from old politicians, to secure the office of Clerk of the District Court of Douglas County. He was so poor at the time of this first campaign for office that he had to borrow money to pay for the horse he used in making his canvass. A winter or two before, he had to choose between a new overcoat and a Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. In the light of his ten-thousand-word report on the postal scandals one trembles to think what the Government might have missed if he had decided upon the overcoat instead of the dictionary.

From that time to the present Mr. Bristow has been actively in politics. He became President of the Young Men's Republican Club of Lawrence; was re-elected as Clerk of the Court in 1888; stumped the State in support of the candidacy of Benjamin Harrison for the Presidency; served for a number of years as Secretary of the Republican State Committee of Kansas; was two years private secretary to Governor Morrill; and ran for Congress, to be defeated by a narrow margin. When not in office he has edited a paper, the Salina Daily Journal; and through this organ has done much, particularly during the last two years, to make and lead public opinion throughout the State of Kansas. His editorials have been read, and copied, and heeded in all parts of the State.

It was his energy and his skill in mastering details as Secretary of the Republican State Committee during the campaign of 1896 that brought him to the notice of McKinley; and when, in 1897, the position of Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General fell vacant, Mr. McKinley, notwithstanding the protests of many Kansas politicians, gave Mr. Bristow the appointment. The office of Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General would not appeal to all men. It entailed great responsibility and prodigious labor; having to do with the appointment and removal of tens of thousands of petty postmasters, the preparation of papers submitted in behalf of more important appointees, the recommendation to the President of men worthy of appointment, and with the secret service arm of the Post-Office Department. But it was in just such a station that Bristow was fitted to shine. Toil had no terrors for him; his grasp of details amounted to genius; and his probity and astuteness made it impossible for dishonesty to lurk where his supervision extended.

The Government has done many creditable things during the last ten or twelve years, but it has done nothing that redounds more to its credit than the postal investigations carried on by Mr. Bristow under the direction of President McKinley and President Roosevelt. When rumors came of the corruption of the postal service in Cuba, we stood at the parting of the ways in our National life; and there can be no doubt that the result of the honest, searching, fearless inquiry into these frauds, carried on by Mr. Bristow, and the subsequent unflinching punishment of the offenders, affected incalculably the course and conduct of public affairs at that crisis in our history. Had President McKinley been less honest; had he been less discreet in the selection of a man to undertake the correction of the abuses in Cuba; less firm in his purpose to give Bristow a free hand; or if Bristow had been less competent, less conscientious, less remorseless, less stout-hearted and unyielding in the midst of persuasion, threats, and abuse from evil men high in party favor and authority, the investigation might have proven a farce, the corruption might have been covered up, the whole matter quashed; with the result that the entire administration of our new possessions and dependencies would have become so dishonest and shameless as to bring us into contempt before the world, and into the gravest National dangers. For the officials in Cuba who were exposed and afterwards sent to the penitentiary were the appointees and friends of the most powerful men in the party and the Nation; so that nothing that personal influence and party coercion could do was left undone, first to dissuade and afterwards to destroy Bristow.

But the corruption in the Cuban postal

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service was nothing in comparison with the dishonesty that honeycombed the department at home; and the storm of hatred and opposition that descended upon Bristow by reason of his conduct of the investigation under McKinley was insignificant compared with the tempest that was let loose as a result of the general post-office examination that President Roosevelt directed to be made in 1903. Widespread irregularities had been going on for more than a decade. That the Post-Office Department was being looted was known to many men prominent in party politics, and it was connived at by not a few. The strict party man—the true spoilsman—counted it a discourtesy, and, worse than that, a breach of party faith, to give the alarm against a fellow-spoilsman. Rumor at last grew so open, pointed, and persistent that it reached the President's ears; and forthwith he called Mr. Bristow and instructed him to make thorough inquisition, sparing no one. Mr. Bristow would have been unwilling to enter upon the inquiry had his commission been less stringent and inclusive. Again it was fortunate that the minor official was working under a President as brave, honest, and unsparing as himself; and, on the other hand, that the President was able to find in the public service such a man as Bristow as an instrument; for nothing but the most extraordinary courage and moral stamina could have withstood the efforts of the incriminated officers and their numerous and powerful friends in Congress to call off the investigation and to crush Bristow. Had Roosevelt temporized or wavered in the slightest degree, the salutary effects of the investigation would have been lost; for the rogues who were robbing the Government were crafty, and cool, and well intrenched; and nothing that subsidized newspapers and dishonest accomplices in the House and Senate could do was left undone to modify the rigor of the inquiry and to discredit Mr. Bristow in his simple, honest service for the people and his commendable desire to carry out the President's bidding. This second search of Bristow's into the condition of the Post-Office Department was perhaps the most gigantic investigation ever undertaken by any government. Almost fifty trained inspectors were employed for the greater part of a year; the records of more than a thousand offices were examined, the inquiry in some instances going back ten years. Mr. Bristow examined more than two hundred thousand typewritten pages of reports; analyzed the subject matter; collated it; and edited the result in a document of ten thousand words. In commenting upon the findings of his subordinate President Roosevelt said: "Mr. Bristow's report is a record of as important a bit of investigating work as has ever been done under the Government."

What honest citizen but will agree with the President that "the toleration of the wrong, not the exposure of the wrong, is the real offense"? Yet Mr. Bristow was so maligned, abused, and hated by scores of public officers in Washington, including many Senators and Congressmen, that he was willing to resign his office January 19, 1905, to accept an appointment from President Roosevelt as Special Commissioner for the Panama Railroad. He had not relished the task of purging the Post-Office Department, nor was he unaware when he undertook the work that the conscientious and merciless manner in which he was to pursue it would raise up powerful enemies against him who would do their utmost to secure his retirement. But it was a piece of work that had to be done, and he was never a man to flinch in the face of duty. He has a passion for the public service, and is restless when he is out of it.

He set out for Panama early in 1905, and, with his usual thoroughness and assiduity, proceeded to study the problems involved in the maintenance and management of the Panama Railway, then building across the Isthmus. He filed his report in August of the same year, and then returned to private life. The recommendations contained in his report have been approved by the President and carried out by Congress in almost every detail. Secretary Taft said his report was extraordinary for its fairness, accuracy, and intelligence. Mr. Bristow told me a little more than a

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year ago that Mr. Taft had recently consulted him concerning certain transportation problems touching Panama; and I notice that during the past year Mr. Bristow was again despatched to the Isthmus of Panama to make a supplementary report upon railway conditions there. Indeed, he still holds his papers as Special Commissioner to Panama.

Mr. Bristow's sudden return to political leadership in Kansas is a result of the direct primaries. It has been Mr. Bristow and the people plus a great many high-grade independent papers of the State *versus* Senator Long and the Republican machine plus the influence of the railways. Victory would have been impossible without a direct appeal to the voter. In the recent campaign Mr. Bristow has made his issue on the proposition that just railway rates must be determined, not on the value of the service to the people, but on the cost of service to the railways. He believes that it is impossible to fix accurate rates until a National bureau shall have been established to make scientific inquiry into the value of railways and the expense of maintenance.

Mr. Bristow has been fortunate in the enemies he has made. He could say with Browning, "I was ever a fighter." His interest in affairs is so intense, his sense of justice so keen, and his character so rugged and uncompromising that it is impossible for him to be neutral when an issue is before him or a great principle is at stake. In 1893 he risked his life to pluck an innocent negro from the hands of a mob that was trying to hang him to the nearest telegraph pole for an alleged crime which later proved to be a myth. Bristow and a handful of humane and law-abiding citizens hurled themselves against the mob, dragged the victim into a stairway, slipped the noose from his neck, and then turned to face and cow the cursing, murderous crowd. When Beavers, a post-office culprit, was trembling with apprehension for fear an investigation was to be ordered, he begged that "that damned wolf, Bristow, be kept off him." To the men whose wrong-doing he has uncovered he has seemed cold, pitiless, devouring, insatiable. So thought Senator Burton, who incidentally fell a prey to the zeal of the terrible official; Mr. Perry Heath has hated him with the "best blood chambered in his bosom;" and corrupt Congressmen have anathematized him.

But he has been equally fortunate in his friendships. Not that he has a genius for friendship. Those who have been nearest him of late years think him cold, remote, and self-centered. But his college chums did not find him so; no child was ever afraid of him; and I have yet to hear of a genuine friend he ever betrayed. He will fight for a friend as promptly as he will fight for a principle. He has always been near the people, and has always enjoyed their confidence. He is one of them in training, sentiment, and conviction, and he and the people have a thorough understanding of each other. A true tie of affection existed between him and President McKinley. Mr. McKinley once said to me, in conversation, that he held him in the utmost confidence and esteem, and that he was the kind of man he liked to have near him. Mr. Roosevelt tested, trusted, and praised him; and between Mr. Taft and him there is thorough acquaintanceship and manly admiration. Surely to have been in the inner councils of three such men as these, and that at times which tried men's souls, is a guarantee of simple, Roman virtue.

And there is in Bristow a certain suggestion of the hardy virtue of the ancients. His simplicity and directness render him almost grotesque. He is gaunt, tall, and ungainly. His shoulders are somewhat stooped; he has a long, awkward stride, and, so far as I can remember, has always worn a frock coat. This last, I suppose, is a sort of rudimentary survival passed down through three generations of preachers. He has kindly hazel eyes, Kentucky hair, an enormous mouth, and a tumultuous voice that comes in puffs and billows. He has read much, particularly in the fields of history, biography, political economy, and current politics, but he cares nothing for fiction and little for poetry. Webster, Lincoln, Blaine, and, later, McKinley are the men who have stamped their influence most deeply upon him.

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Lincoln was his idol. His home life has been above reproach. Indeed, so devoted has been his loyalty to his family that he has too much neglected society. He is not an orator in the finer sense, but he is eloquent in his very vehemence and awkwardness, carrying all before him by his intellectual acuteness and grasp, his intense conviction and forthright honesty. He thinks independently, has a habit of going to the heart of things, and has a prodigious power of getting and stating facts and putting together an argument, but as to the graces of rhetoric he possesses not one.

His character is built upon the homely, sturdy virtues of toil and honesty. All that he has he has secured by hard, unremitting labor; industry has become such a habit that he cannot shake it off. And he expects those who are associated with him to be up and doing as well. During his early newspaper days in Salina he supervised in person every detail of the work. He would frequently rise at four in the morning to map out his day's work and plan his editorials, and usually he was the last man to leave the office at night. His industry while he occupied the office of Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General was marvelous, and he could not have borne up under it had it not been for his simple habits and rugged constitution. Toward the last, indeed, his eyesight became temporarily impaired, and he was obliged to have his enormous correspondence read to him. He does not know how to take recreation, and indulges in no sports or amusements. The Methodist Discipline need not be altered in his behoof; he indulges in neither ardent spirits nor tobacco, nor does he attend the theater or participate in games of chance. His idea of recreation is "a little more work." He loves the public service for the very work that it affords. He said a short time ago: "As much as I like my home and newspaper, I like the public service better. I have been in it, off and on, for twenty years, and I finished my last work for the Government only last January. But already my hands are itching to begin something for the Government. It is the work itself that I enjoy." And so with his integrity. He has always had a contempt for sham and dishonesty. He believes a thing and does a thing because it is right, and he does not stop to consider consequences when the plain path of duty is before him; and he has a settled habit of seeing to it that the other fellow does right, too. He has always held that "public office is more than a private snap."

Mr. Bristow will be a welcome and powerful ally for the new President in the Senate. He will have the needs of the people at heart and will respect them; he will come seasoned and experienced in National affairs; and he will have a record for industry, capacity, and honesty that will commend him to the people and to men of like character in the Senate; and, best of all, in National crises, when issues of great moment emerge, he will take counsel of his own trustworthy soul, will probe to first principles, will yield his own convictions and mature judgments under no pressure, whether from constituents, colleagues, or President. And in National crises what greater boon or safeguard could the Nation have than the mature and seasoned judgments of sober, simple, patriotic men such as Mr. Bristow? The new Senator will be an independent and a radical, but he will take no leaps in the dark. His judgment—and that a trained one—will always go before action. He will be no man's lieutenant. He will be master of himself and master of the situation.

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WHAT IS CHRISTIANITY?

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

THIRD PAPER

THE WORLD WITHOUT CHRIST

GOD is a righteous Being who demands righteousness of his children, and demands nothing else. This is the message of primitive Judaism. God is in the world, helping his children to establish a social order characterized by justice, peace, and universal welfare. This is the message of primitive Christianity. Is there anything in these two messages essentially different from those which other world religions have for humanity?

Professor William James, in his interesting volume on "Varieties of Religious Experience," thus summarizes his survey of the field of Religion: "The warring gods and formulas of the various religions do indeed cancel each other; but there is a certain uniform deliverance in which religions all appear to meet. It consists of two parts: (1) An uneasiness; and (2) its solution. The uneasiness, reduced to its simplest terms, is a sense that there is *something wrong about us* as we naturally stand. The solution is a sense that *we are saved from the wrongness* by making proper connection with the higher powers."

There are, then, two questions which religion has to answer: First, What are the higher powers? Second, How shall we make proper connection with them? The difference in world religions consists in the different answers which they give to these questions. There are four answers, and only four.[1]

I. The first answer is: The Natural Powers are the higher powers, or the only manifestation of them that we can know. Our proper attitude toward them is fear. Our proper connection with them is made by sacrifices to appease their wrath, by gifts to purchase their favor, or by unquestioning obedience to secure their protection. This is the answer of Nature-worship; it has given the world Africa. This religion Plutarch has graphically portrayed:

> Of all fears none so dazes and confounds as superstition. He fears not the sea that never goes to sea; nor a battle that follows not the camp; nor robbers that goes not abroad; nor malicious informers that is a poor man; nor emulation that leads a private life; nor earthquakes that dwells in Gaul; nor thunderbolts that dwells in Ethiopia: but he that dreads the divine powers dreads everything—the land, the sea, the air, the sky, the dark, the light, a sound, a silence, a dream.[1]

It is difficult for us who have learned from infancy to say Our Father when we pray, who have been brought up in an atmosphere of faith in the goodness of the higher powers, or at least in their justice, to conceive the awful depression of living ever under the shadow of such a dread as Plutarch describes. It is difficult, perhaps I should say impossible, for us in imagination to realize that millions of our fellow-men live to-day under the shadow of that dread. But it ought not to be difficult to look about us and see how many there are in our Christian churches to whom religion is a dread far more than a delight. Wherever worship is an expiation, not a thanksgiving, wherever it is based on the idea that the favor of God can be won only by a sacrifice by man or for man, wherever the notion has entered that anything can please Him but doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly in his companionship, there be sure that this lowest form of paganism has entered the Christian Church, or rather has not been driven by the Christian message out of human experience. Wherever the law of God is taught as anything other than the law of love, wherever it is presented as fixing the destiny of man by

[1] Except as two or more of these answers are sometimes commingled, as, for example, in the attempted personification of natural phenomena.

[1] Plutarch's "Morals," i, 169, Of Superstition.

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an inflexible and unalterable decree, wherever the inflexibility of God is interpreted, not by the inflexibility of a high and noble purpose in a great and noble man, but by the inflexibility of a remorseless because unemotional machine, wherever God is portrayed as the Greek Fates who, determining all destinies, were themselves determined by an irresistible and inflexible law as mechanical as the law of gravitation, there be sure a pagan prophet has usurped the pulpit of the Christian preacher and is giving to his congregation a Christianly disguised paganism. Disguised it may be. But under whatever high-sounding phrases of divine sovereignty, or decrees, or election, or predestination, the theology of Omar Khayyàm is the theology of the lowest type of paganism: it is the worship of nature.

"We are no other than a moving row
Of Magic Shadow Shapes that come and go
Round with this Sun-illumined Lantern held
In Midnight by the Master of the Show;

"Impotent Pieces of the Game He plays
Upon this Checker-board of Nights and Days;
Hither and Thither moves and checks and slays,
And one by one back in the Closet lays."

The answer to the questions of religion that the higher powers are like nature and find in nature their chief manifestation, whatever vestments it wears or dialect it employs, from whatever pulpit or platform it speaks, whether it is brought to us in the name of science or religion, is the answer of Nature-worship, which has given to the world a religion of paralyzing dread and abject submission.

II. The second answer is, We can know nothing of any higher powers, nor make any connection with them. All we can do is to make proper connection with one another. This is the answer of Agnosticism; it has given the world China.

Confucius was not the originator of a new doctrine or system, but the expounder and organizer of the teachings of sages who preceded him. He knew no Great Lawgiver, no divine Helper. "All the Confucian virtues," says Samuel Johnson in his work on Oriental Religions, "are natural ones. The 'rules of propriety' are man's accord with the nature of things. They are to be pursued with a natural ease. Virtue harmonizes with the courses of the seasons, which know no collision. It flows with ease in the currents of government as if they were made for it. It is in such sympathy with the inner movement of natural laws that the good man has no dependence on any thing or being apart from himself. 'Call him Heaven, call him the deep.' In other words, as Christianity asserts Fatherhood, so Confucian faith is in the Wisdom, Order, Benignity of Righteous Cosmical Laws, and in man's essential unity therewith."

"A correct idea of his system," says Dr. J. L. Nevins in his work on China and the Chinese, "may be obtained from the Five Relations which form the basis of it, and the Five Virtues which were the subject of his most frequent conversations. The Five Relations are those subsisting between Emperor and officer, husband and wife, father and son, older and younger brothers, and friends." "These Five Relations cover the whole sphere of human duties. The relation between God and man is neglected and unknown, while almost divine honors are awarded to the Emperor and to ancestors." "The Five Virtues of the Confucian System are Benevolence, Righteousness, Propriety, Knowledge, and Faith." "Benevolence is conformity to the Golden Rule—in a negative form. Righteousness is obedience to conscience. Propriety is the expression of the inward life by certain prescribed and proper forms and ceremonies. Knowledge is general intelligence. Faith is sincerity and truthfulness."

Confucianism furnishes a moral code for the regulation of human conduct in which there is much to admire. But it furnishes no motive power to righteousness. For great laws of life it substitutes rules of propriety. It is didactic but not inspirational. Mr. Huxley has defined education as "the instruction of the intellect in the laws of Nature, under which name I include not merely things and their forces but men and their ways; and the fashioning of the affections and the will into an earnest and loving desire to move in harmony with those laws."

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Confucianism instructs the intellect in the laws of Nature, but does little or nothing to fashion the affections and the will into an earnest and loving desire to move in harmony with those laws. For loving desire to move in harmony with law is impossible without a lovable Lawgiver to inspire the affections.

Philosophically Confucianism is Agnosticism; morally it is a School for Ethical Culture. Its spirit in modern Christendom is admirably summed up by one of the ablest as he is one of the sincerest disciples of that cult, Mr. Leslie Stephen: "I now believe in nothing, to put it shortly; but I do not the less believe in morality, etc., etc. I mean to live and die like a gentleman—if possible." Confucianism is the resolve of a nation to live and die like a gentleman —if possible. But neither Confucianism in China nor Ethical Culture in America furnishes power to make it possible for the man of ill birth, bad breeding, or vicious environment.

That mankind feel the need of something more than a code of morals, that they want that code expressed to them in the terms of human life, Confucianism itself bears witness. For out of primitive Confucianism has grown, or on it has been engrafted, a worship of ancestors. The desire to reverence cannot be wholly denied. Says Frederic Harrison: "As the indispensable need of a true religion grew stronger in my mind, I more and more came to feel that religion would end in vague sentimentality unless it has an object of devotion, distinctly grasped by the intellect and able to kindle ardent emotions." A code is not and never can be an object of devotion. A code never has been and never can be able to kindle ardent emotions. So China, with no ideal of the imagination put before it and above it as an object for its worship, has, for the worship of the higher power, substituted a reverence for its ancestors. Its face has for twenty centuries or more been turned to the past. Its reverence has been, not an inspiration to progress, but a prohibition to progress. Its religion has made the Chinese the most stationary of all the intelligent races. China was the first to use the compass; and it has no merchant marine. It invented gunpowder; and it has no effective army. It invented movable type; and it is without a printing-press. Not until the idealism of Christianity touched it did it begin to turn its face toward the dawn. It is reported, I believe on good authority, that, until about two years ago, in its civil service examinations candidates were not allowed to refer to any historical event within the last two thousand years. But since its awakening, in a recent examination one of the questions called for a comparison between Gladstone and Bismarck. Like the palace of the Sleeping Beauty in the fairy story of our childhood, China has been asleep for two thousand years. What has awakened it has been, not a new moral code, but a living Person, in whose life and character the moral law appears as a realized ideal, and therefore as an ideal which can be realized by others.

III. The third answer to the questions of religion, What are the higher powers and how shall we make proper connection with them? is, The Universe is the higher power; the wrongness about us as we naturally stand is due to our separation from the Universe by our individual personality; we are saved from that wrongness when we lose our individual personality and are reabsorbed in the universe. Man is a wandering drop caught up out of the ocean of existence. He will never be at rest until he is reabsorbed in the ocean from which he came. This is the answer of Pantheism; it has given the world India.

Says Monier-Williams in his volume on "Indian Wisdom:" "Nothing can be more simple than esoteric Hinduism. It is a creed which may be expressed by the two words—spiritual pantheism. A pantheistic creed of this kind is the simplest of all beliefs, because it teaches that nothing really exists but the one Universal Spirit; that the soul of each individual is identical with that Spirit, and that every man's highest aim should be to get rid forever of doing, having, and being, and devote himself to profound contemplation, with a view to such spiritual knowledge as shall deliver him from the mere illusion of separate existence, and force upon him the conviction

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that he is himself part of the one Being constituting the Universe."

Thus God is to be known not by action but by inaction; not by service but by introspection, meditation, self-absorption. "The great aim of philosophy [Hindu philosophy] is to teach a man to abstain from every kind of action; from liking or disliking, from loving or hating, and even from being indifferent to anything. The living personal soul must shake off the fetters of action, and, getting rid of body, mind, and all sense of separate personality, return to the condition of simple soul. . . . This, in short, is the *summum bonum* of philosophical Brahmanism; this is the only real bliss—the loss of all personality and separate identity by absorption into the supreme and only really existing Being—mere life with nothing to live for, mere joy with nothing to rejoice about, and mere thought with nothing upon which thought is to be exercised."

A disciple of this pantheistic philosophy has interpreted it by a figure at once significant and beautiful:

> So long as the bee is outside the petals of the flower, it buzzes and emits sounds. But when it is inside the flower, the sweetness thereof has silenced and overpowered the bee. Forgetful of sounds and of itself, it drinks the nectar in quiet. Men of learning, you, too, are making a noise in the world, but know the moment you get the slightest enjoyment of Bahkti [love of God] you will be like the bee in the flower, inebriated with the nectar of divine love.

To be lost in God, to be swallowed up in him, to be inebriated with the consciousness of his love, to forget one's self, one's neighbors, one's duties to those around him, to forget that one is a citizen, a member of society, a father, to be absorbed in contemplation, or, if that is impossible, to get as near that condition as is possible—this is the third answer of paganism to the question, How shall the soul make proper connection with the higher powers?

This answer also paganized Christianity has often made, and still makes. It was made by Madame Guyon when she left her children in the charge of others that she might devote herself to religion. It was the answer made in olden time by many a monk and nun who thought to find God by retreating from the world to the cell or the wilderness. It is the answer of that pantheistic idealism which to-day imagines that disease and suffering are to be cured by denying that they exist, and retiring from all contemplation of them and all attempts to cure them, and substituting a silent contemplation of the truth that God is love for a practical obedience to the divine laws of health. It finds crude expression in such a pagan hymn as "O to be nothing, nothing!" and more cultivated expression in the piety of Madame Guyon as described by her in her "Autobiography:" "True ravishment and perfect ecstasy are operated by total annihilation, where the soul, losing all selfhood, passes into God without effort and without violence, as into the place which is proper and natural to her."

Very different is the answer of Jesus Christ. To be a Christian is to be something. It is to gain selfhood, not to lose it. It is to go out into the world and live in the world a life of service and self-sacrifice. It is to get honey from the flower that we may carry it to others who are unfed. To be a Christian is distinctly not to be absorbed in God. That is to be un-Christian. To be Christian is to take God into ourselves that we may carry him to others. To "sit and sing myself away to everlasting bliss" is not Christianity; it is paganism.

Christianity has, then, a different answer to give to the two questions of religion than those given by any form of paganism. It has a message for the world that is without Christ. Nature-worship says, Nature is the highest power we know. Power is divine. Fear is the mother of religion. Sacrifice to appease the wrath or gifts to win the favor of the higher powers is the way to make connection with them. It has given to the world Africa. Agnosticism says, We can know nothing of the higher powers; we can only make proper connection with one another. It has given to the world China. Pantheism says, The Universe is the higher powers. The cause of the wrongness in us, as things now stand, is our separation from the universe. Losing our personality, ab-

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sorption in the Infinite All is the remedy. It has given to the world India. Judaism and Christianity [1] say, Man is the highest power we know. In man is to be found the image of God. In the one Man who is the realized ideal of manhood is the manifestation of the human life of God. By following him in lives devoted to the service of our fellow-men is to be found the way to fellowship with God. For God is a righteous Father whose offspring we are, who demands righteousness of us his children and demands nothing else, and who will help us to help each other to a life of righteousness and peace and universal welfare. It has given to the world Europe and America.

JAPANESE COLLEGE STUDENTS

BY GEORGE RUST BEDINGER

UNTIL one has been long enough in Japanese colleges to understand something of the characteristics of one's students, the first impressions are often disappointing. The older student has in most cases an unprepossessing exterior. His hair is usually cropped short. He has to a greater degree than most college boys the desire, as one student in Japan once wrote to me, to "cultivate the beard." The preliminary stages are hardly attractive. In some groups as many as a third wear eye-glasses. The Government schools require the students to attend lectures in European dress. This is a uniform made out of cheap material with little regard to fit. Leather shoes, often pitiably clumsy, are another requirement. It seems unfortunate that students in Japan have to attend college in ugly garments and ill-fitting shoes.

The quality which first attracts a foreign instructor to a class of Japanese young men is their courtesy, due to the traditional Confucian teaching that the teacher should be held in respect next to that shown the father. Indeed, in olden days the instruction and training imparted by the teacher was considered to be too valuable to be reckoned in coin. A knight of Old Japan could pay a merchant for a silken robe, but he could not offer any real remuneration to the man who taught his son. Therefore he gave the teacher "gifts." These presents were sufficient for the instructor. While to-day all teachers in Japan receive a definite monthly salary, there still lingers much of this old feeling of respect for the schoolmaster. Though a Japanese student is unfailingly courteous to all those with whom he comes in contact, he almost always treats his teacher with a courtesy peculiarly gracious.

The quickness of the Japanese in making the best of every opportunity, their alertness, makes them interesting to instruct and eager to learn. No word of Japanese is used by the foreign teacher. His accent or intonation may not be easy to catch. A few students may fail to understand him, but numbers will be found who will see every chance to practice their knowledge of a foreign tongue. This is usually English, which is compulsory for all students. Many times foreign residents in Japan are approached by students who want to try their English on a stranger. Though the foreigner may be bored by the experiment, he usually appreciates the eagerness of the Japanese boy, and allows himself to be made a subject of the diligent linguist's practice.

Lazy fellows are in every Japanese school, but generally are dropped. The downright diligence of others is surprising. Many burn the midnight oil as they crouch down at their tiny desks in their own little Japanese rooms if they

[1] Mohammedanism is a form of Nature-worship modified by Christianity. Allah is a deity in the image of man and yet is an impersonation of natural inflexible law.

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are in lodging-houses, or sit at their simple tables if in Europeanized dormitories. Dictionaries of all kinds are around them: little pocket editions with Chinese and Japanese ideographs and their English equivalents, abridged Websters, collections of useful idiomatic phrases in English, and even the huge Standard Dictionary. Over this dry material the student will pore; some even study the dictionary page by page. Not infrequently one meets some Japanese gentleman who has never been out of Japan and yet speaks and understands English remarkably well. Very likely when young that man assimilated a dictionary!

Sport for sport's sake is thoroughly understood in Japan. Though a generation ago a Japanese student paid little attention to physical exercise, at present he throws himself into all sorts of athletics. Because he has his ancient sports as well as the more popular foreign games to choose from, the Japanese youth of to-day is doubly fortunate. He enjoys the difficult science of *Jiu-jitsu*, the noisy Japanese form of fencing called *Ken-jitsu*, archery, wrestling, and riding. On the other hand, he is interested in baseball, rugby, tennis, track games, and boating. Many are proficient swimmers. In a few colleges even cricket, lacrosse, and hockey are played. Of foreign games baseball and tennis are universally popular. Professionalism is unknown. In intercollegiate contests a keen enthusiasm is combined with a splendid spirit of fairness.

The Japanese student has abundant humor. He has great fun in his class assemblies and on the semi-annual military excursions. The various classes may hold a meeting once a month. An instructor attends only as a guest. These are called *Cha-ɪ a-kwai* (tea-talking meetings). Simple cakes and rice wafers, with the usual green tea, serve as refreshments. The members sit informally in a circle on the mats. Games are played, speeches made, some one may play on the flute, another may imitate a juggler. An amusing game of forfeits was played on an occasion when I was present. It was "nickname calling." The leader called out the nickname of some student in the room. Immediately the latter had to shout out the familiar name of some other fellow. Thus the game would go on until one of the boys was too slow to think of a comrade's nickname and would be obliged to pay a forfeit. If he could not sing, dance, play on the *biwa*, tell a funny story, or do some amusing trick, he was obliged to turn thrice around in the middle of the circle and knock his head on the matted floor.

As an example of the good nature of the Japanese collegian, I remember a young man whose handwriting was almost illegible. Finally I told him that before his English theme could be read he must carefully rewrite it. He did so, adding the following note: "Sir, this work was done with all my heart. Every letter contains the agony of my blood. I assure you it is not an exaggeration. But students should obey the order of their teacher, so if this task has not been done to your contentment and if it is necessary to rewrite it, gladly and pleasantly will I copy it once more."

In his appreciation of natural beauty and his love of flowers the Japanese student is superior to the average young man elsewhere. Some enjoy theater-going, watching ball games, or playing indoor sports, but practically *all* the students of a college in Japan are enthusiastic over taking long country tramps, mountain climbing, and visiting places famous for their exquisite scenery. Many a young man spends the greater part of his vacation in long excursions on foot. Either alone or with a few chums he sets out with a stout stick in his hand, straw sandals on his feet, and a few necessities in a bag slung over his shoulder. He will often carry a kodak or a pad to jot down little sketches of memorable scenes. When students travel over their country in this pilgrim fashion, they go only to the barest country inns, and are not expected to give more than fifteen or twenty cents for a night's shelter and food. Students in Japan are exempt from giving the host of the tavern any *Chadai* (tea-money), the Japanese counterpart of our hotel tips.

Perhaps the way in which Japanese students differ most decidedly from their comrades in other lands is in their marked

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lack of political interests. In our colleges political clubs abound; debating societies are common. The Japanese Government colleges discourage political interest, and would prohibit any political activity such as torchlight processions in favor of some candidate. On one occasion an Oxford professor visited one of my classes in the College of the Nobles in Tokyo. In his talk with the young men he was particularly surprised at their utter lack of interest in the affairs of the political world. To this may be allied the lack of any strong feeling of college unity. The Japanese student hardly yet understands our conception of Alma Mater. I once tried to find out from the students of a certain government college what was the spirit that differentiated their institution from other colleges in Japan. Our colleges and universities certainly believe they each have a peculiar spirit. The answers I received were most contradictory. They showed that there was no real college unity. One said the spirit was "diligence" and "Bohemian daily life;" another called it "hard will;" a third, "freedom of one's rights;" two thought it was "sincerity;" another named it "simplicity;" and so on. Two frankly said the college had no special spirit.

The real spirit of every Japanese is, of course, that feeling of loyalty to his country that is of so exalted a nature that it can be but poorly expressed by the word patriotism. The Japanese call it *Yamato Damashii*—the "Spirit of Unconquerable Japan." It is this characteristic that is the strongest influence among the thousands of students in Japan, as it is among the people of all classes. In feudal days this was largely the prerogative of the knightly fighting man. With free compulsory education, however, this tremendous inheritance becomes the moving characteristic of the sons of farmer, artisan, and merchant as well as of those of higher rank. The poem of Norinaga Motoori is on the lips of every Japanese student:

"Shikishima no
Yamato gokoro wo
Hito towaba
Asahi ni niou
Yamazakura bana!"

(If any man ask about Japan's true spirit, I answer: "The wild cherry flower reflects the Rising Sun.")

Such are the salient characteristics of the Japanese student. By strict training attentive to outward forms of courtesy, he is more ceremonious than the American collegian. Ever on the lookout for an opportunity to better himself, and with the capacity of steady application, he shows himself a future leader of his ancient country that seems so wonderfully to have reawakened after centuries of deadening feudalism and proud seclusion. A generous sportsman, he makes the years of his military service after graduation a time of profit, and by his abundant humor is welcome wherever he goes. A true æsthete in his love of nature and his appreciation of art and poetry, his transcendent patriotism (rising above all political questions) marks him as above all and through all ready to do his utmost for his glorious Island Empire.

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THE PHANTOM UMBRELLA

BY C. H. P.

THIS umbrella was really a material thing, but all umbrellas belong to the realm of phantoms.

A phantom flits—so does an umbrella.

One has no proprietary rights in a phantom, and this also applies to an umbrella.

A phantom eventually resolves itself into thin air and disappears forever. This is also a characteristic of every properly constructed and self-respecting umbrella.

I am not intending to write a philosophical treatise, however, but to record a simple story of events which happened in this wise.

I was making my first trip to Europe. The Campania, on which I was voyaging, was due at Liverpool the next day, and the night before we landed I made the acquaintance of George in the smoking-room, and learned that he, too, was making his first trip abroad, and, after having our glasses replenished a few times, I discovered that he was a royal good fellow, and we resolved that for a few days we would see the sights of London in company. We both agreed that in seeing a new country for the first time rigid economy would be a mistake, and the better way would be to spend money freely and have a good time.

In order to simplify the matter of finances (I was always quick at figures), I proposed that we pool our issues, and that George should act at first as cashier, paying all bills, and that when he had served for a time then I would assume the burden later.

He approved of the general idea, but claimed that as I was the first to think of it, I was entitled to the honor of the office first, and that he would come in later as second choice. I was never one to thrust myself forward for positions of prominence, and did my best to reason him out of this attitude, but it was useless. George seemed singularly obtuse in money matters, so it was finally decided that each was to pay his own expenses, and so we parted for the night.

When we arrived at Liverpool the next morning, it was raining. I was not surprised at this, for I had heard that it sometimes rained in Liverpool, and as the London train starts from the dock it occasioned us no inconvenience. When we arrived in London, it was still raining, but this occasioned no surprise, as I had read that this was not an unfrequent occurrence in that city, so we took a cab to the Hotel Metropole. As it lacked some two hours of dinner-time, and the rain continued to pour, we resolved to fill up the time with billiards, and to that end repaired to the basement of the hotel, where the billiard-room is located.

And here let me digress for a moment and ask, Did you ever play billiards at the Hotel Metropole in London? If not, your foreign experience has been incomplete. The billiard-room in this great hotel contains three tables; two of them are English tables, each about the size of a city block, and the other a French carom-table of the vintage of 1840.

We first essayed a game on an English table, being anxious to conform to the customs of the country; but George, being a trifle near-sighted, soon complained that he could not see to the other end without the use of field-glasses, and to manipulate a pair of heavy glasses with one hand while endeavoring to make a delicate shot with the other is a matter of difficulty to one not accustomed to it. We therefore gave up English billiards, and tried the French carom-table, which, as a means of healthy exercise, proved a great success. The cushions on this table are stuffed with soft sand, so that every time that you shoot a ball with force to the other end of the table it strikes the cushion with a dull thud, and—stays there.

This keeps the players constantly trotting around the table, and soon produces a healthy glow, although you do not count much on the string. We worked faithfully at this game for an

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hour and a half, at the end of which time, the score standing 5 to 3 in favor of George, we called it his game and gave it up.

When we came upstairs it was still raining, and here is where the umbrella comes in.

George said that if we were going out after dinner we must have an umbrella, and suggested that I run out and buy one and in the meantime he would order the dinner, which would save time. He did not mention that this would also save him the price of the umbrella, but my quick financial mind immediately grasped this point and I at once suggested that, as his judgment on such matters was much better then mine, I thought it would be better for him to select the umbrella while I ordered the dinner. George is susceptible to flattery, and I hoped that this would appeal to him, but it didn't, so we flipped up a penny to decide it, and I lost. I reluctantly went out, and, regardless of expense, purchased the finest umbrella that I could find for eight shillings and sixpence, which in real money is about two dollars. Now, I never was particularly superstitious, but I had no sooner purchased that umbrella than I regretted it. There was something uncanny in its looks.

Its influence was distinctly depressing, and had I not already paid for it I would have left it in the store where I found it. This would not only have been expensive, but cowardly, so I raised it and started for the hotel. It became at once apparent that as a protection from the rain it was not a success, as the water sifted through it in a fine mist which distributed the moisture evenly but effectually over the person.

Although there was only a gentle breeze at the time, it managed to turn itself wrong side out just as I reached the hotel entrance, to the evident entertainment of a number of bystanders.

With some difficulty I restored it to its original condition, and then went to dinner, after which we (George, the umbrella, and I) took a cab to the Alhambra. It was not until the performance was half over that it occurred to me that the umbrella was missing, it having remained in the cab when we got out; which discovery was the occasion of more or less sarcasm from George, which was of course uncalled for, as, the umbrella being for our mutual convenience, it was as much his business to remember it as it was mine.

However, at an expense of half a day and half a crown, I recovered it the next day from "the lost article department" at Scotland Yard, and returned with it in triumph to the hotel. In the afternoon George and I and the umbrella visited Burlington House to see the exhibit of modern art, but at the entrance we were stopped by the attendant, who called our attention to the fact that canes and umbrellas were not permitted in the picture gallery, so we deposited it in the cloakroom and proceeded to a critical examination of the pictures.

Neither George nor I know anything about paintings, and naturally, when we came out, we were engaged in an earnest discussion over their merits and demerits, so the umbrella was momentarily forgotten and its loss not discovered until we reached the hotel. Then I footed it back to Burlington House and, with the usual tip to the attendant, recovered it.

It was growing late, so I hailed a bus in Piccadilly, and proceeded to climb to the roof. The ascent is somewhat difficult, and in order to use both hands, I naturally placed the umbrella firmly under my arm.

This was the opportunity that it long had sought, and it immediately ran its ferrule through the hat of a lady who was closely following me up the steps.

I was mortified, and apologized profusely, but my excuses were not accepted, and as soon as she was seated she proceeded to express her opinion of my umbrella and myself in terms that were far from flattering, and in a voice of remarkable carrying power. I know that she was a "perfect lady," as she mentioned that fact several times in the course of her remarks, and, finding that I was becoming the center of attention for all the passengers on the bus, I reluctantly sacrificed the penny that I had already paid as fare, and climbed down again and walked the rest of the way.

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Determined to have one evening of peace, I locked that miserable umbrella in my wardrobe at the hotel, and then went out with George and had a pleasant evening.

When I retired at night, I opened the wardrobe, and found that the umbrella had disappeared.

The next morning I found it secreted under the bed.

This may, of course, have been the work of the chambermaid, as suggested by George, but I have my own opinion of the matter.

My business called me to Bremen and Cologne, so I prepared to start for the Continent, while George was to remain in London, to which point I proposed to return at the end of the week. He at once suggested that I leave the umbrella with him during my absence, in view of the fact that I was "very forgetful and would certainly lose it." It needed only this undeserved reflection on my memory to make me stick to it, and although, for some reasons, I would gladly have dropped it down the sewer to get rid of it, I at once decided to take it with me. Then, again, I was looking forward to the delight of being able to say to friends on my return to New York that my umbrella came from "dear old London, don't y' know," and I resolved to stick to that miserable object until the bitter end. That night I crossed the North Sea, and arrived at Bremen by train at 5 P.M. I had just left the cars and reached the door of the station when I remembered that I had left that umbrella on the rack, and I rushed back to secure it before the train left for Hamburg, which it was scheduled to do in a few minutes.

The Continental trains are, of course, not like ours, but are made up of small separate compartments, all of which look just alike. I jumped into the first one, and at once discovered that it was not the one in which I had been traveling. I climbed into the next one, with the same result. The bells were ringing, the guards were slamming the doors, and I had just time to get out and stand dejectedly on the platform as the train drew out bearing that wretched umbrella off to Hamburg. Sadly I took my way to the Hotel de l'Europe; but my spirits rose again when I had confided my trouble to the gorgeously attired Portier of that popular hostelry. He assured me that nothing was ever lost on the German railways, and that all that I had to do was to fill out a form, giving the particulars of my loss, and forward it to the proper officials, and the umbrella would be forwarded to any point that I might designate. He procured a form, which was a formidable-looking document, and I proceeded to fill it out.

It required not only a full description of the missing article, but dealt largely with my own personality, calling for my name, age, nationality, appearance, together with such interesting incidents of my early life and subsequent career as I could recall.

Having completed this autobiography, I closed by requesting that the umbrella be forwarded to my hotel in Cologne; and after mailing it retired to my couch with supreme confidence in the power of the German Government to grapple even with that tricky umbrella.

Three days later I was in Cologne, and no sooner was I at the hotel than I sought the Portier with confidence.

I said to him, "Do you speak English?"

"Yet perfectly," said he.

I then explained the circumstances, and asked him if my umbrella had been forwarded. He replied: "It does me pain, but he have himself yet not arrived."

From this I gathered that it had not come, so I left word with him to send it after me by parcels post to London, and I started back to England.

It was a trying thing to meet George, for I knew that his first inquiry would be, "Where's the umbrella?" and I could not afford to admit to him that I had lost it. As I had anticipated, this was his first inquiry when I met him the next day, but I evaded it by merely saying that the umbrella and myself did not exactly agree as traveling companions, so that we had decided to return to England by different routes, and I presumed that it would be there the next day.

I don't think that George fully be-

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lieved this, but it was the best that I could do under the circumstances.

Three days later I received a postal card from the Portier at Cologne stating that the umbrella had arrived, but there was three marks charges on it. I sent him a postal order for the amount, and waited.

On Saturday I was to sail for New York, while George was to remain another week, and as there was no sign of the umbrella, I was reluctantly obliged to state the exact facts to him and ask him to bring my umbrella with him when he came. Of course I knew that if George once got possession of it the chances were that I would never see it again, but I was helpless and had to take the risk.

It is sometimes the case that if you give a man the impression that you have perfect confidence in him it will spur him on to be honest, so I treated George in this way, and even added, in a burst of generosity, that he might use the umbrella himself during the week that he remained in England. Of course I knew that he would do this anyway, so I risked nothing in giving him permission, and I think that it had its effect.

Two weeks later George appeared in my office in New York, but no umbrella.

"Where is it?" I asked.

"Well, it hadn't come when I left," replied George, "so I left word to have it sent you by express."

I confess that I was annoyed at this, for the expense of express charges might have been saved me had George waited a week or two longer in London until it arrived and then brought it with him.

I called his attention to this, and we had some words in consequence and parted with coolness.

Three weeks later I received a postal card from the American Express Company saying that an umbrella had arrived for me with $3.75 charges. I ignored this, and a week later it was repeated, with the same result.

Ten days later a dignified gentleman called at my office and mentioned that he represented the Express Company, and that there was an umbrella at their office awaiting delivery.

I explained that the original cost of the article was only $2, and that I did not feel like putting up $3.75 merely for transportation.

He then stated that only $1.25 was for charges, and that the other $2.50 was for duties; and, in a burst of eloquence which stirred the blood, he appealed to me as a patriot and a soldier (I once served a short term in the militia) to stand by my country in this hour of her need.

I replied, in a few well-chosen words, that I loved the flag better than my life, but in view of the fact that it lacked several months of election, I did not feel like putting up $3.75 for a disreputable umbrella unless I had to.

He left me at last, more in sorrow than in anger, and the next week another man called. This party had a gentle and persuasive voice that I found it hard to resist. He avoided the line of argument advanced by his predecessor, and appealed directly to my feelings. He called my attention to the fact that many shares of the stock of the American Express Company were held by helpless widows and orphans, and he drew a heartrending picture of the sufferings entailed upon them when the Company announced that it must pass its regular dividend, merely because they had misplaced their confidence in me and brought that umbrella from Europe without having the charges prepaid.

It was almost too much for me; but as soon as I could stifle my sobs I drew for him another picture of my own little family gathered about a cheerless hearth with nothing in the house to eat but an umbrella, simply because I had wasted the $3.75 which should have gone for bread. We were both so affected by each other's remarks that we wept copiously for some minutes, and finally parted with that silent grasp of the hand that means so much more than words.

Three months later I received a notice from the Express Company that if I would pay the $1.25 freight charges they would deliver the goods; and rather than have a continuance of painful scenes I sent the money, and that night I again grasped that miserable umbrella as my own property.

I determined that I would show that thing in triumph to my family before I

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had time to lose it again; so I started with it at once for home. I took the elevated train, and as soon as we reached my station I hurried eagerly down the stairs, and it was not until I had reached the street that I remembered that I had left the umbrella in the cars, which were already three blocks away.

I have never seen it since—and I'm glad of it.

A THANKSGIVING CHRONICLE

BY EMILY C. J. FOLGER

WHEN our Guest said, "I saw a mouse. Yes. It just ran under the piazza," we didn't know that it wasn't, for we didn't see the little creature at all: we doubted, though, that it was a mouse. We don't have mice in the cottage. Field-mice come in sometimes, but in the fall after the house is closed for the winter. Something, however, had run under our piazza, and our Guest's quick eyes had seen it.

A few days later a round and deep little hole appeared in the patch of turf between the piazza and the drive. What seemed to be sprouted corn was scattered outside. Fred filled up the hole and made all neat. Half a day later it was opened up again. Three times in all it was filled, and as many times reopened. Then we watched, and the Observant One saw the little chipmunk, as big only as the fist of your little girl or very little boy, patiently and joyously refitting the hole. It is his granary. He lives under the piazza. The Observant One says that he has chosen the exposed spot because the snow will lie lightly there and soon melt. How he scratched the earth with his tiny paws! Every frisk proclaimed how happy he felt his lot to be. He bore us no ill will for all the inconvenience to which we had put him. He declared as plainly as if speaking that he owed us no grudge.

Every day was Thanksgiving Day for him and the soft gray squirrel that we saw stand in the curves of the maple tree branches and run up and down the mulberry tree. We are told that they eat the eggs of the song-birds. What would you? Suppose we do prefer the birds. We were not asked. The squirrels came, and we will not, cannot, betray their confidence.

Then there is the rabbit who made his cover in the border of the flower-bed. Suppose he does eat the roots. Could any one oust the happy creature?

I know a human nest from which the birdlings have flown. The children across the way and next door come and climb the trees. "Do you like to have them?" the mother was asked. "Like it? We would pay them to come," she said.

In spite of squirrel and chipmunk, we note no lack of song-birds. Oh, the richness of their chorus at dawn! And in the mulberry tree the Observant One has counted in the early morning no fewer than fifteen varieties of birds.

We have the song-sparrow on the tip of the tiny maple for three meals a day; in the slanting sunlight above the tuft of leaves; in direct sunlight on a hot day, just under it.

The psalm of the thrush he sings as night comes on.

One day the mistress's afternoon toilet had to be a hurried one, for already the top of the waiting surrey could be seen from the bedroom. Outside the west window she heard a chattering of birds, deliciously musical and distracting. One could not call it a quarrel, it was too sweet. Say it was a discussion. She said, "I mustn't look out. There isn't time. Those birds don't have to get their waists buttoned up in the back." But of course she did look. Five bluebirds on the telephone wire! The sweet twittering increased

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as her toilet went on. The mistress looked out again; seven bluebirds. Before she left the room the volume of music had surely increased again. "If I look out now, and have faith," the mistress thought, "will there be nine?" She took a peep. Nine bluebirds on the wire! Four and five, three and six, like a lesson in counting for a little kindergarten boy; then two or three over to the piazza roof to promenade and preen, and three or four for a short flight from the wire and back again. And all the time the discussion in sweetest tones. Were they doing their first adventuring, do you think?

When the bell rings and the nursery door opens, down the staircase to the breakfast room runs a rill of music. Grown-ups have it in their hearts, but rarely one lets it out.

Down the lane in front of the cottage go the laborers on many a grand place—by wagon load, by bicycle, on foot. From morning to morning, and season to season, one whistled a quaint Scotch tune. There came one rainy day when work could not go on. Beyond the oaks bordering the lane in mid-morning one could see a long file of workmen returning home. Most plodded silently along; one whistled a quaint Scotch tune. We never saw the whistler. We never heard him again. But we know that a human, too, can catch the spirit of Thanksgiving joy, and make every day Thanksgiving Day; for we have heard the singing in the rain.

LETTERS TO THE OUTLOOK

FAITH IN DIVINE PROVIDENCE

After reading in your issue of October 10 the communication headed "Belief in a Special Divine Providence," I cannot help protesting against its implication. Are we to infer that if the offer of a high-salaried position had *not* been made at the critical moment to the ousted and penniless saint, his hard lot might have practically proven the non-existence of a good God?

Oh, no! A thousand times no, to such reasoning as that! It is precisely that way of looking at life which makes so many people to-day, when disappointed in the outcome of faithful work, slump down into dreary, cynical unbelief in the Heart of things.

May not the difficulty arise in large measure from a wrong policy practiced by grown-ups in our nursery days? It is easy to arrange neat little artificial sequences of cause and effect for influencing childish wills. Truthfulness, industry, unselfishness, these certainly may be coaxed ahead by the bait of pennies, toys, and treats. But it is a deliberate "setting of the stage" which has no genuine counterpart in real life; and in later years the impression it created may be tragically misleading. The real world does not give us candy for telling the truth. It seldom sends us theater tickets because we helped carry a poor old woman's bundles. In short, heaven does *not* pay for personal righteousness, cash on delivery. Truth and faith and loyalty never go unrewarded, but their reward is a spiritual reality, seldom translatable at all into material terms. Is it not the mistaken, childish expectation of material returns from a spiritual investment that turns so many men hard and pessimistic, so many women bitter and morbid?

"It is not fair, it is not fair," protests a bewildered soul, confronted by poverty, sickness, and bereavement. "I have tried all my life to be good and to do right. My husband never stooped to a mean trick in all his affairs. Yet he lost everything in the panic. . . . And there are those Smiths across the street, selfish, vulgar, unscrupulous, with every luxury at their command and never an anxiety to trouble them. Either God is dead or he is cruel."

At first we almost feel as she does, we are so in the habit of thinking that virtue ought to be paid in house-rent and groceries. But, on the whole, while we are with the poor distracted soul in our hearts, our minds do know (or ought to know) that her mind has slipped over to a wrong track of expectancy. She thinks that bank accounts, like the bonbons of babyhood, should be bestowed by Heaven on the morally deserving; whereas they are oftenest the result of the exercise of certain specific kinds of mental acumen × trained habit + physical ability + opportunity, with no more essential dependence on a man's

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morals than on the color of his hair and eyes. The fact that a man is pure in heart will never of itself enable him to command the income of a violin virtuoso or of an expert mechanical engineer. But the pure in heart does have treasure promised long ago to men of his kind. Only it is difficult to talk about that, because, as the peace of God passes understanding, it also passes expression in common, every-day phrases.

I cannot put the case as strongly as it deserves to be put, for I am not used to expounding such things. I am only a listener in a rear pew. But I do feel sure, in spite of—no, rather *because* of—knowing the feel of hard roads to tired feet, that, even though He slay us in our hopes for material success and ease, still He holds us in His arms. He never promised that we should not see hard times. He does promise, to every soul that really knows Him, to be the Father of all our souls, whether He gives us what we want or says, "Not yet."

M. S. E.

DR. CYRUS HAMLIN

[Apropos of the letter about Dr. Cyrus Hamlin printed in The Outlook for October 10, a reader of The Outlook sends us the following extract from a personal letter. It is of such general interest that it is given a place in this column.—THE EDITORS.]

I knew Dr. Hamlin, and he was a dogged Puritan of the Cromwellian type, who would compel the clouds to give up their rain in a dry season by the very intensity of his belief and sincerity of purpose. You might not love him—few people did—but one could not help admire his rugged character, rooted deep in primal principles of faith, devotion, self-sacrifice, and independence. He was a missionary in Turkey during the Crimean War, and as the English soldiers suffered much from being deprived of good bread, he set up an oven and baked and sold, and made upwards of $30,000. Did he keep it, or think about keeping it, or quibble with himself for an instant about it? Not at all. He turned it over to the American Board of Foreign Missions to the last copper.

He was a Yankee, full of ingenuity and resource. He invented a machine to comb the hairs out of Turkish butter, which you know was made by beating cream in skin bags tanned with the hair on and made up with the hair inside—and it was a success.

He believed in prayer. Why shouldn't he? After he left Middlebury College he lived a precarious kind of existence, so far as means were concerned, in one of the small towns near Boston. His house was mortgaged for several thousand dollars, and the interest was due and demanded. He had no money. What did he do? Go to a hard-faced, thin-lipped banker—tell him, as he must have done, that his security was exhausted, and that he wanted another loan? No, he got down on his knees and prayed to God Almighty, and very shortly checks began to come in from every nook and corner of the globe, until the debt was wiped out. Do you wonder that he believed in prayer and special providences? I don't.

There are forces in nature that we cannot understand, and this is one of them. Like a priest of God who prayed for the fire from heaven and got it, so old Dr. Hamlin simply *compelled* the forces of nature to come to his relief.

G. M. W.

GOOD BUILDING A REMEDY

The interesting article on "Mosquitoes, Flies, and Rats," in The Outlook for September 5, closes with a reference to the discouraging conclusion of the Government scientists that we are likely to have no more effective defense against the last named of these pests than can be afforded by the common rat-trap. But I think we may look first of all and much more hopefully for protection by better buildings. The very next number of The Outlook, for September 12, contains a letter from a Boston correspondent telling of the enormous yearly waste of property throughout the country by fires, and setting forth the comparative ease with which, by better methods of building, the amount of this waste might be greatly lessened. There can be no question of the general soundness of your correspondent's statements.

I believe that the same building methods would greatly lessen the plague of rats. Walls and floors which the fire cannot easily burn the rat cannot easily gnaw through; and where the rat cannot go, the rat cannot live and eat. A building standing by itself and protected against fire on the first story to the extent described by your correspondent would, I believe, be seldom visited by rats. I have myself occupied for years an ordinary wooden-framed dwelling, without the special protection spoken of, but with the cellar walls and floors thoroughly cemented, in which no rat is ever seen or heard. There are rats enough not far off. The defense would be more complete if all spaces between walls that make flues for fires and highways and habitations for rats were closed up.

Greater difficulties would no doubt be met with in the case of barns and of many other buildings which are in the nature of the case

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more open to invasion. There may be buildings with external walls measurably proof against fire, but with very large, undivided interior spaces in which flames may get great headway and rats find many hiding-places. Such conditions must be dealt with as best they may.

But it is clear that the remedy lies in this general direction. We must aim to make our dwelling-houses and our buildings for storage of every sort inaccessible to rats. In most cases the remedy need not be very difficult, nor very costly in application, and, as has been said before, we shall be defending ourselves and our possessions against fires and rats both together.

Some effective extensions of Socialistic principles would be required; but for defense against fire and disease and insect pests and vermin I suppose we ought all of us to have been long ago much more thoroughgoing Socialists than we are!

CHARLES B. RICE.

Boston, Massachusetts.

THE JACOB A. RIIS NEIGHBORHOOD SETTLEMENT

The year is drawing to an end, and looking back we fervently wish that such another may not soon come again. The poverty and the pinch of the last winter reached far into the summer, which, with its long, severe heat, completed the discomfort and suffering in East Side tenements. A more forlorn lot of children and mothers never came to Twin Island House, and there for the first time sickness visited us despite all precautions, and broke our peace. Many of our friends were unable to help us in the past, just when our need was greatest; for the vacation home for our working-girls which one man generously has provided for us year after year had to be abandoned for business reasons, and we had to find another and bear the expense of it with our girls who were themselves poorer than in any past summer. Our boys' camp we kept up with an effort. The help given us by the private schools all through the East who maintain our gymnasium and boys' and girls' work became our chief prop. But for this we should not have come to the October turnstile as we did. Even then we were in debt twelve hundred dollars; but when we looked at one another in perplexity on our annual meeting day, a letter came from a friend who has more than once helped us over a rough place, inclosing a check for just one thousand dollars, and we drew a long breath of gratitude and relief. For the load had been greater than we had realized, with another winter only a little way off.

All through the summer our roof garden was a great joy to the neighborhood. The children flock to it; the neighbors love it. It makes the one bright and happy spot in the dense tenement-house block, and they all unite in protecting it. The mothers have their evening with the babies, the girls their "at home" on the roof, and the boys their smokers and fun on their own nights. When the children took to acting out the fairy tales they told one another, and Red Riding-Hood's wolf appeared on our gymnasium roof, it became so popular as fairly to overwhelm us. But then came the chilly nights to our relief.

Here, now, is Thanksgiving at hand, and behind it a winter we try not to look too hard at, for its promise is not good. But we are grateful for the help that came when we needed it most; grateful that, if our purse is entirely empty, at least our load of debt has been lifted; grateful for our friends over here whom we are learning to love better every day. If any think we do them harm, let them come in and see for themselves; our door is always open. And we are grateful to God because he has set us here among his children to do such work as our hands find to do In His Name.

We need supplies and we need money, and for this we ask the Outlook readers. We would be glad to have even one dollar a year to count upon as a steady income, so that we may plan accordingly. Our own people here in Henry Street give what they can, and it is not a little; but of course we need much more. And we need volunteers to come and help us with the work, for it grows all the time and demands more, and strong hands. Our Treasurer asks that all contributions be sent to her—Lilian House, 48 Henry Street, New York.

JACOB A. RIIS, President.

ONE SOCIALIST'S GOLDEN RULE

Referring to the recent criticisms by Socialists of your use of the expression "From every one according to his ability, to every one according to his need," I beg to say that this afternoon, at a meeting where he was expounding Socialism, Alexander Irvine, when asked to give the Socialistic equivalent of the Golden Rule, replied, "From every one according to his ability, to every one according to his need."

ARTHUR H. GRANT.

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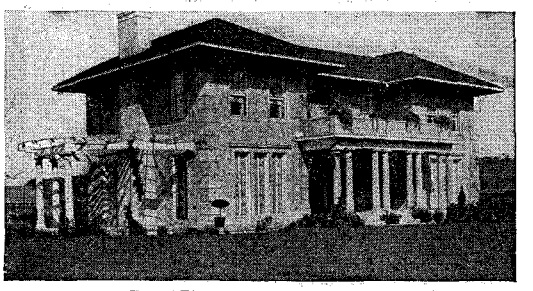

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SITUATIONS WANTED

Business Situations

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Companions and Domestic Helpers

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SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

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Teachers and Governesses

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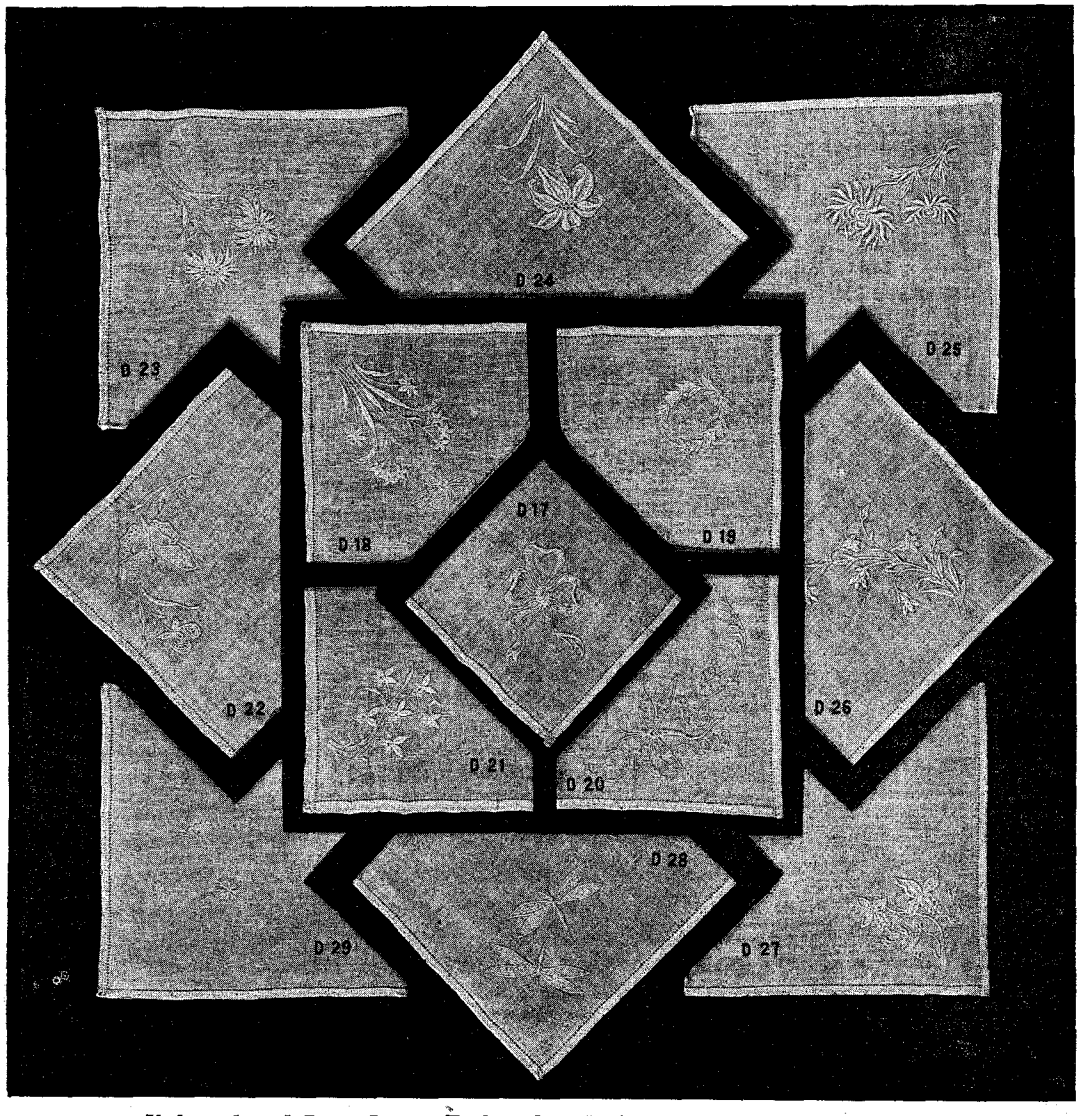

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